



# CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

Preview: THE  
MEPHISTO  
WALTZ

THE 4th  
VERSION  
OF BRAM  
STOKER'S  
"DRACULA"

HISTORY OF  
FANTASY &  
HORROR  
FILMS

RAY  
HARRYHAUSEN'S  
FILMS





## CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

### Contents

#### CoF MINI-REVIEWS

Vibes-of-the-screen picked up, probed, psyched out sans cop-outs ..... 4

#### HEADEDITORIAL

Venting and spewing forth volcanically re: rages and outrages ..... 5

#### THX-1138

A film that could well be a sequel to *Onselt's 1984* ..... 8

#### SCREAM And SCREAM AGAIN!

Vincent Price and Peter Cushing in a unique and startling shocker ..... 6

#### FILMUSIC IN The FANTASY FILM

The value of filmusic, from KING KONG to Harryhausen's films ..... 9

#### CRY OF THE BANSHEE

Witchcraft cult, horror, but especially sex 'pon the sacrificial altar ..... 13

#### Horror Without Makeup: RONDO HATTON

First in a series of important but neglected Horror Stars ..... 14

#### ROBERT BLOCH, part II

Conclusion of an interview by the author of *PSYCHO*, numerous

TV shows, films & most current, *THE HOUSE THAT GRIPPEO BLOOD* ..... 21

#### THE CRIMSON CULT

One of Boris Karloff's last few films, with Christopher Lee ..... 27

#### The CoF SFantasy FILM CHECKLIST

Never thought so many films began with M, eh? Neither did we ..... 28

#### HEINRICH KLEY, Artist

A CoF Sampler of works by one of the world's renowned fantasy artists

#### THE AGENT

Comic in the CoF manner, by Gus St. Anthony ..... 34

#### The MAGIC of MEL LAYBOURN

Heralding the work of a new, unusually gifted graphic artist ..... 41

#### SFANTASY MOVIE NOOSEREEL

Kaptein Karate Kovers Kookie, Kwaint, Krazy & Kiever Kinema ..... 45

#### Slaymate-of-the-Month:

#### WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS!

And scintillatingly beautiful SENTA BERGER has one in this flick. .... 52

#### LETTERS

The 3 R's: Reading, wRithing & Rapping by the CoFraternity, etc. .... 55

#### SFANTASY MAG Collecting As A Fine Art

One mag, specifically! CoF, plus important instructions how to do it .... 64

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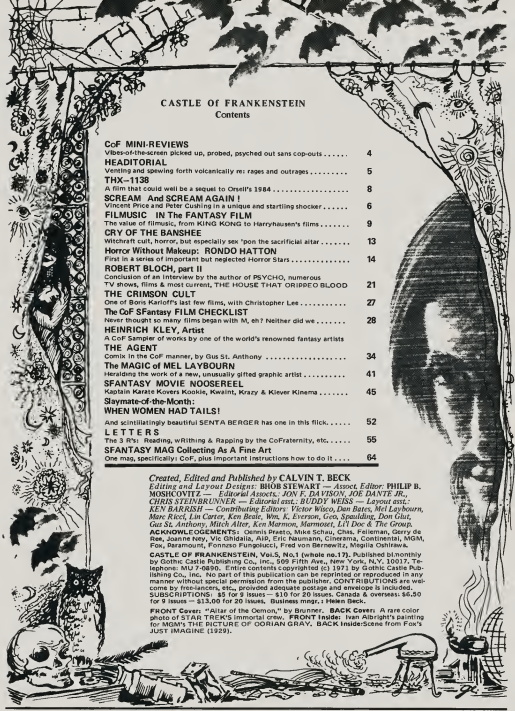
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**FRONT COVER:** "Altar of the Oemon." by Brunner. **BACK COVER:** A rare color

photo of STAR TREK's immortal crew. **FRONT inside:** Ivan Albright's painting

for MGM's *THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY*. **BACK inside:** Scene from Fox's

*JUST IMAGINE* (1929).



# FRANKENSTEIN MINI REVIEWS

**ALEX IN WONDERLAND (111 min—MGM, 1971).** Long, ridiculously self-indulgent naval pickings about hotshot director's creative problems and fantasies. Titled more than we ever wanted to know about writer-director Paul Mazursky. Fellini at least waited until he had 7½ pictures behind him before he tried this stunt—all Mazursky has is dull, top-of-the-BOB & GARYL witless HEAD and the unspeakable MONKIES TV series. Tacky, embarrassingly pretentious, redeemed only by some warmly human playing by Donald Sutherland and others. Fellini and Jeanne Moreau have bits. Good Lizzo Kovacs photography. MetroColor.

**BEQUILE, THE (105 min—Univ., 1971).** Don Seigel's newest is probably his best since BOOY SNATCHERS—a macabre Beroelica Civil War story about a wounded Union soldier (Clint Eastwood) sheltered in a decadent girls school in deep South. Artistic, sensative and creepy treatment gives Seigel a new lease on life as much more than an action director after some recent disappointments (i.e. MAD GALT). Fine cinematography, strong good performances. Geraldine Page, Elizabeth Hartman. Technicolor.

**DR. FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS (93 min—Medford, 1970).** Nifty idea is flattened in execution. Alot of college student Frankensteinism about his misadventures. Result: while secretly plotting to turn fellow students into remote-control zombies (as if some aspects of college education haven't done it already). Routinely made Canadian item does not get going until last 15 minutes by then it's too late. Neat ending, however. Robin Ward, Austin Willis, Dr. Gilbert Taylor. Movielab Color.

**FROM EAR TO EAR (81 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Crazy ladies torture mute girl with phallosac driftnets, sex games and a mummified baby, which is at least a new twist. Flaccid French horror-sexer LES COUSINS has been recut, re-scored, re-written (with original ending removed) by film doctor—some would say abortionist—Jerry Gross. Result: a bad film made worse. Solange Pradel, Alain Coutey, Nicole DeBonnes, Canlieva Arpence. Dr. Louis Soulanes. DeLuxe Color.

**GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS (79 min—Cinemation, 1970).** Wowl grm is hardly the word for this stomach churning mix of cheap sex and horrendous sadism. Basically promising idea of erotic fairy tales gets ill emphasis on gore as the Queen "eats" up a certain section of Snow White's anatomy; depressed old folks to fit into a tiny slipper, etc. Heavily cut and ramada for US market, but still sick stuff for weird Jerry Gross devotees only. Maria Liljedahl, Ingrid von Bergen, Walter Giller, Dr. Rolf Thila. Color.

**HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE (95 min—Cont., 1970).** Having remade all the Universal shockers worth doing, Hammer is now remaking its own remakes! Thinly disguised redoing of CROOF OF FRANKENSTEIN tries to be a spoof but is plodding and mostly a bore. Ralph Bates is uninspiring replacement for Peter Cushing; Dave Prowse is a total loss as mark-pen-scared, plastic headed monster. Dennis Price shines as friendly body snatcher, but humor is flimsy, deflated by disembodied arm which gives Bates the finger. Jimmy Sangster directs torpidly; sets and visuals on Crown-International level. Technicolor.

**HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, THE (97 min—Cinéma, 1971).** It looks like Amicus will assume the mantle once worn by Hammer. Four Robert Bloch stories vary in quality but at least show tenet and imagination. 1. Mystery writer Dennis Elliot sees recurring apparition born from one of his plots. 2. Peter Cushing is entranced in wax museum plot—excellently played, moody, but drawn-out and predictable. 3. Chris Lee frightened by anguished, strange 6-year-old daughter-witch; well done. 4. Horror actor Jon Pertwee becomes a vampire whenever he dons vampire's cape; bright, neat spoof is highly amusing. 5. Good notch above TDRTH GARDEN and one of the more entertaining films of the year. And on that, Ingrid Pitt—Veevaam! Clr, Peter Duffell. Eastman Color.

**I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (90 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Wildly lurid stuff about homicidal hippie devil cultists running amuck with rabies; almost attains NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD intensity but consistently defused by brutal cutting of almost all violence and gore. Continuity like Swiss cheese, splashes every two minutes and completely incoherent climax make it all seem merely unspooled. David Durston's forceful direction indicates this could have been a ferociously interesting item in original form. The AUSA strikes again! Bhaizer, Rhonda Lee, Riley Mills, Iris Brooks. OaLuxe Color.

**I EAT YOUR SKIN (91 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Where is Sam Katzman now that we really need him? Execrable zombie cheapie from Del Tannay, who gave you CURSE OF THE LIVING CORPSE. Mad doctor on Voodoo Island, yay, makes zombie field from radioactive snake venom that induces a state of living death not unlike that experienced by the audience. Crusty-looking native monstrosities around and around and around and DISEMBODIED-levit dialogue. Even Mantar Morand could have saved this. William Joyce, Heather Hewitt, Walter Coy, Betty Hyatt. Linton. Dan Stepietion.

**INCREIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANS-PLANT, THE (85 min—AIP, 1971).** Where's your own head is it, or off then the hapless monster in this one, whose right head doesn't know what his left head is doing. The great Bruce Dern is scientist who gets crazy psycho's head on body after occupied by dumb, hulking hulk named TWO-headed illusion amazingly well maintained; puts MANSTER to shame. Though not much really happens, it's amusing as hell. Head-to-head dialogue is priceless; pic is equipped with 40's-style title tune, "It's incredible." And it is. Pat Priest, Albert Cole, Casey Kasem, Berry Kroeger.

**MEPHISTO WALTZ, THE (115 min—Fox, 1971).** Plucky Jacqueline Bisset vs. corrupt devil-worshipping sophisticates Curt Jurgens and Barbara Parkins for seduction. Husband Alan Alda. Straightforward, mundane modern occult tale from Fred Mustard Stewart novel is rapid and predictable all the way. Director Paul Wendkos shows some halfhearted German flair in the first two dream sequences, but it's mostly TV-level sickness despite a nice production dress, and definitely no ROSEMARY'S BABY by a long way. Highest cast is in fine form. William, Bradford Gilman, Kathleen Widdoes. DeLuxe Color.

**NIGHT OF THE WITCHES (79 min—Medford, 1970).** Yet actor Keith Larsen, disguised with a bushy beard and new moniker, Karl Erik Burt, directed and stars in this occasionally tolerable but mostly predictable spoof as a NIGHT OF THE HUNTER type rapist-preacher who gets mixed up with a coven of witches. Pretty good rock score has somewhat. Would have been more fun if they didn't cut out the nudity for a GP rating. Producer Vincent Fote may be Vincent Edwards, since that's his real name. Randy Stafford, Ron Tait, Kathryn Loder. Color.

**SCARS OF ORACULA (96 min—Cent., 1970).** The most shocking aspect of this the poorest Hammer Dracula ever, is the incredibly poor production values: oppressive cardboard sets, cheesy backcloths and washed out color lend a deathly cast to an already pallid script consisting of warmed-

over HORROR OF DRACULA situations. Chris Lee is sadly ineffective and despite lots of mutilated corpses, blood, mild sex and giant bats (on strings), it is, in a word, awful. Jimmy Hanley, Dennis Waterman, Christopher Matthews, Michael Gwynn, Dr. Roy Ward Baker. Technicolor.

**SUOONER (91 min—Nati General, 1970).** The old boy-crime-murder plot of THE WINDOW gets a more interesting treatment in pretty good British thriller, originally titled EYEWITNESS. Inhumanly monstrous cop Peter Vaughan chases mopey Mark Lester, who saw him assassinate a political figure, all over Malta, leaving a trail of blood-flecked corpses. John Hough's direction full of arty barnacles, but neat suspense and respectable auto chase sequences hold up well. Lionel Jeffries, Susan George, Jeremy Kemp. Technicolor.

**VAMPIRE LOVERS, THE (88 min—AIP, 1970).** Atmospheric, often static, but neatly made Hammer-rich by the beautiful, sensuous Ingrid Pitt as a lesbian vampire. Perhaps overly familiar LeFanu novel, "Carmilla," though faithfully adapted, takes away any sense of surprise and expectation, since this is at least 4th or probably 5th version, and some of Dr. Roy Ward Baker's pedestrian methodology hardly vies with Vadim's BLOOD & ROSE version ten years ago. Also, Movielab's inferior color processing once more mers another film. Peter Cushing, George Cole, Douglas Wilmer, Pippa Seale, Madeline Smith. Movielab Color.

**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (90 min—Reads, 1968).** Shoe-string budget must have been made for less than \$17,000 but multi-million bucks impact and popularity. Perennially re-released, it's made over two million \$5 so far with a loyal international cult and growing word-of-mouth. JAMES W. GARGAN comes to life from countryside, killing and devouring people, many who become growing army of the undead. People entrapped in isolated home fight them off, some becoming "infected." John Keady, Gelsy, taut, black shocker overwheims in gradual stages, with unexpectedly profound "message" ending. Excellent photography, and production and acting are fine of the kind! Judith O'Dea, Russell Streiner, Duane Jones, Karl Hardman, Dr. George A. Romero.

**CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT (95 min—Hammer, 1971).** Hammer's playing the same tune too often these days, and One Million Years BC remakes' division, prehistoric kicks at it, is running equally as dry as Hammer's Dracula, Frankenstein and Devil Cult factory. Ah, but for their zeal for originality of former years. Music by Mario Nascimbene. Prod. & writ, Michael Carreras; Dr. Chaffey, Julie Ege, Brian O'Shaughnessy. Color.

**COUNT ORACULA (100 min—Phoenix, 1970).** Ital-German-Spanish co-production directed by Jesus Franco stars Chris Lee as the Count. Some of the most beautiful motion pictures says that film doesn't live up to all expectations as "faithful" Stoker adaptation not merely because of film's length being too short but flaws in general. More will be said once a print is available for GOF screening. Herbert Lom, Klaus Kinsky. Color.

**THX 1138 (99 min—WB, 1971).** Nightmare vision of extension of present-day regimentation into a future of totalitarian computer-ruled society. The futuristic setting of PAXVILLE, real locations are used suggesting the present is the future. Computer print-outs, flickering TV images, Lalo Schiffrin scores, white costumes, white walls, voice montages all combine for a stark, futuristic atmosphere that would make even George Orwell and Fritz Lang shudder. Francis Ford Coppola (COENENTIA 13, YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW) helped director George Lucas raise money after seeing Lucas' work on the same idea. First major production of film school graduates: the American Zoetrope Co. Right on! Donald Pleasance, Russel Mulvey, John Wood, Don Pedro Collier and Marshall Efron. Color.

# headitorial



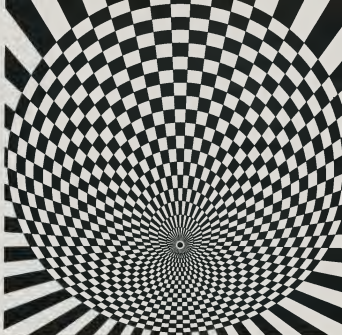
The Boy Scouts make a good captive audience (one of the few left) when hot-air politicians creep into town. At a June 2nd roundup, Prexy Trickard Nixon admonished the Scouts "not to trust" everything stated by TV, papers and other media. In typically divisive style, once again he's cast suspicion and put the nix on a vital lifeline in democracy, especially since media have "dared" to exercise one of the most fundamental and holiest of all prerogatives in a free world, freedom of the press, which doesn't seem to apply when the AgNix Axis is on the firing line.

By resuming character assassination of American media, the Chief Exec' has once again achieved a new low in his checkered career.

It's true that media on all levels leave much to be desired, considering the narrow dimensionalism of the establishment press, tv and the NY Times' policy of printing mostly All It Sees Fit, to the "everything's depraved," let's-destroy-the-world ravings of some unhinged "activists." There are fools and nuts in all quarters.

But recently a lot of Phoenix has arisen from what used to be recently a Sargasso Sea of total blandness. Notably: ever since AgNix started attacking the "effete intellectual snobs" of journalism. Suddenly, namby-pamby journalism woke up overnight revitalizing long dormant intellectual muscles, deciding that Americans shall not be brainwashed as Hitler's Germany was in the 30's and get taken over by a potential Third Reich.

No matter what media is studied lately, some incisive criticism to utter denunciations of the System and Government are found. And that ain't



bad for a change. They may not get to the root of all problems, unfortunately (i.e. how urban Welfare and Integration is a disguised rip-off), but compared with sixteen months ago, the difference now is like Berkeley and Kent State.

Yes, for a change there's renewed hope and spirit in the air. Dissent, almost stifled, has suddenly re-blossomed, mushrooming gorgeously to new heights:

The successful May demonstrations in Wash-DC and elsewhere; the vindica-

tion of the Panthers; the Gestapo-like arrests of thousands in DC getting exposed as an unconstitutional fraud and

(cont. on page 40)

Above left: Nixon examining a cache of pot seized by Govt. men. Expressing his views after some prolonged sniffs, he disclosed, "I wish to make one thing perfectly clear: It is so far out that it's way in. So, cool it, and RIGHT ON IT!"—Below: CoP's "head" utilizing the last word in IBM equipment, ensconced in our new luxurious 5th Ave. penthouse offices. This special photo was taken while he was answering Agnew's latest nasty letter attacking CoP's Piegueboy Philosophy.





An American International Picture





**SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN (94 mins; AIP; 1970).**

A race of artificial humans plots to take over the world in uneven British s.f.-horror. Neat idea goes awry in confused structure, unintelligible editing and Gordon Hessler's trowel-like direction. A few unusual, effective sequences, good dialogue sandwiched in between needless padding, including outrageous title song. But, worth a look - primarily for what it could have been. Shot in Movie-lab Color, cast includes Vincent Price, Chris Lee, Peter Cushing in a cameo, Selly Geason, David Lodge, and the outstanding Alfred Marks who steals the film as a no-nonsense police inspector.

— Joe Dante —

Dr. Browning .....	VINCENT PRICE
Fremont .....	CHRISTOPHER LEE
Benedek .....	PETER CUSHING
Sylvia .....	JUDY HUXTABLE
Supt. Bellover .....	ALFRED MARKS
Keith .....	MICHAEL GOTHARD
Ludwig .....	ANTHONY NEWLANDS
Schweitz .....	PETER SALLIS
Det. Insp. Strickland .....	DAVID LODGE
Jane .....	UTA LEVKA
David Sorel .....	CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS
Helen Brodford .....	JUDI BLOOM



# SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN

# THX 1138



Robert Duvall as THX-1138 and Magge McOmie as LUH-3417 make love in a future that's made it a crime. Below, a leather-clad and-roid future fuzz-man maintains a disciplinary stand over a human who might be guilty of something, like trying to be alive.

(See THX Mini-article, page 4)





# Filmusic in the Fantasy Film

by John K. Johnson



**E**ven surpassing the number of mediocre horror movies is the number of mediocre scores written for them. However, many of the classic films have classic scores, and this is a hurried but reverent remembrance of some great horror movie music.

Though original film scores had been in evidence since the end of the Twenties, Universol released **DRACULA** and **FRANKENSTEIN** in

1931 without original music. Music was borrowed from Tchaikovsky and other classical composers for the main and end titles. It was indeed fitting that the first great score for a fantasy film should have been written by Hollywood's first great composer. The film was **KING KONG**; the composer—Mox Steiner. The film was years in the making, but Steiner wrote the score in just two weeks. At least 25% of the suc-

cess of the picture can be attributed to the music which made O'Brien's animated models more lifelike and the battle scenes more vivid. Oscar Levant says that Steiner, who had a passion for "illuminating action with sound" in this period, leaped at the opportunity to do the **KONG** score. "It offered him the opportunity to write the kind of music no one had ever heard before—or

*Continued*



## JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS



since. Full of weird chords, strident background noises, rumblings and heavings . . . it was always my feeling that it should have been advertised as a concert of Steiner's music with accompanying pictures on the screen."

Steiner also wrote the score for the intriguing **MOST DANGEROUS GAME**, filmed simultaneously with **KONG** but released a year earlier (1933). The score remains one of Steiner's personal favorites. In 1935, Merian C. Cooper again called on Steiner to score H. Rider Haggard's **SHE**. By this time Steiner has composed over 100 film scores—one-third of his total film music output! It's a record no other film music composer is likely to top. RCA Victor recorded Steiner's score for **SHE** as well as his score for **KING KONG**. (Both of these as well as **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** are available from The Max Steiner Music Society.)

In 1935, original music came to the **Frankenstein** series in one of the screen's best-remembered scores—Franz Waxman's thrilling music for **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Universal resurrected it constantly for its serials, most notably Flash Gordon. **THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME** arrived from England in 1936 with an exceptional score by Arthur Bliss. It was the first British film music to be issued commercially and appeared in three 12" 78-rpm Decca records (K810, K811 and K817, also an RCA, LM-2257).

The Thirties produced another great score for the great fantasy love story **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (1939). The film version of Emily Brontë's novel of a love too strange to be conquered by death had an inspired sound track by Alfred Newman (a snatch of which can be heard on Decca, DL-8123).

The first year of the Forties produced the fantasy film's most





delightful score, for Alexander Korda's **THIEF OF BAGDAD**. The composer was Miklas Roza, who also wrote several songs for the picture. The Technicolor movie was started in England but finished in Hollywood due to a minor interruption to the British film studios known as the Second World War. Parts of the score (along with **JUNGLE BOOK**, also by Rasza) appeared on RCA (LM-2118) along with narration by Leo Genn. Rasza also wrote the Oscar-winning score for Hitchcock's psychological thriller **SPELLBOUND** (1945), available in stereo or mono (WB-1213). It was also around this time that producer

Val Lewton at RKO was using folk songs in his classic series of horror films.

One of the largest contributors to fantasy film music is Bernard Herrmann, who won an Oscar in 1941 for his score to **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY** (**THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER**). He has contributed excellent scores to the Alfred Hitchcock pictures of the Fifties and early Sixties. (CaF announced he was doing the music for **TORN CURTAIN**—but Herrmann refused to compose it because Hitchcock insisted on a jazz score). Herrmann has also scored for two of Harryhausen's best films, **THE SEVENTH**

**VOYAGE OF SINBAD** and **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** as well as Harryhausen's **THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER** (story and music available on Colpix, CP-414). Herrmann's work for Hitchcock and Harryhausen in the Fifties was followed by Jean Prodromides' beautiful accompaniment to Roger Vadim's **BLOOD AND ROSES** (1959). A haunting Irish harp theme, stylized in the manner of 16th-century compositions, illustrates the film's vampiric reincarnation motif. This is available on Fontana (460.713 ME). Also of interest: Prodromides' **STOWAWAY IN THE SKY**, which is avail-

*Continued*

able on Philips (PHM 200-029). Composer Les Baxter should be commended for his scoring of AIP's **MASTER OF THE WORLD** (Vee Jay, LP 4000). The Hollywood Reporter called Baxter's score "the loveliest since **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS**." Baxter also limned Roger Carmon's **HOUSE OF USHER**, which concluded with end titles announcing "Soundtrack album available on American International Records." This album, however, was never issued. In fact, the company only issued two records: stereo and mono versions of Les Baxter's **GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS** (AIR-1001).

It is unfortunate that so little fantasy film music exists on records,



although this situation seems to be changing. The recent Bette Davis suspenser **DEAD RINGER** featured an Andre Previn score more memorable than the film, and Warners was astute enough to release the music (WBR-1536). (The talents of harpsichordist Pearl Kaufman and cellist Eleanor Slotkin are given full display). Gradually, record companies are beginning to realize that the least-lauded films sometimes have better music. Quite often a composer has more freedom on a small picture. Budget considerations may limit the number of instruments, but, in some cases, inventive composers have turned this into an advantage.

—Jon F. Davison

ABOVE: A scarce shot of Ernest Thesiger, who was originally tested and cast in the role of Theotocopoulos, the master craftsman of **THINGS TO COME**. The role was taken over by Sir Cedric Hardwicke (before knighthood) who, as Raymond Massey's nemesis, swore "Let us put an end to all this progress...!" A profound genesis pattern is evident, beginning with Fritz Lang's influence of **METROPOLIS** (1926), **FRAU IM MOND** (Girl in the Moon, 1928), affecting heavily **THINGS TO COME** (1936), with Kubrick's 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY extending the metaphysical resolution of **THINGS**' finale. "...All the universe or nothingness... Which shall it be?" BELOW: **SHE** (1935), starring Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvyn Douglas) on the platform, center, and Randolph Scott reaching out for her. At least six versions of the H. Rider Haggard novel have been made, starting with Georges Melies 65-footer of 1899 to Hammer's **THE VENGEANCE OF SHE**, 1970. Historically, Melies version is considered the "first" Sfilm ever made.



## DEMONOLOGIST DIGS UP NEW DEVIL

You might have thought Vincent Price was the one person who would know all about "sidhes".

Yet, when he was invited by American International Pictures to star with Elisabeth Bergner, Esse Persson and Hugh Griffith in

## OF THE CRY BANSHEE

he had to admit he'd never heard of such a thing.

Mr. Price was in Los Angeles, his home-town, at the time. Overwhelmed by curiosity, he drove to the nearest public library and did a bit of research. Within an hour he had found out all he wanted to know.

Now he can give it to you straight: "A sidhe is a spirit called to earth from regions beyond the grave. And please remember to pronounce it 'See-hee'. It is an unearthly growling, snarling, ferocious something that assumes the body and manners of a human being. It is used by the

Banshees to do their dirty work, and belongs to the old religion of witchcraft. Yet, it does not really exist. It has no soul."

Mr. Price gives you a smile. "You learn something old every day," he grins.



EDGAR  
ALLAN  
POE probes  
new depths of  
TERROR!



# Rondo

The careers of Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney Sr. and Jr., have all been the subjects of intense lucubration and consequent publication. Besides them, the lives of such diverse performers as George Zucco, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Ernest Thesiger, Edward Van Sloan and even Glenn Strange have been moderately studied and documented. *CoF* has provided film historians

with wonderfully consummate checklists on the films of Lorre and Chaney Jr., along with exquisite biographies, as well as Robert C. Roman's much-appreciated writing on the late Laird Cregar. And the talents of Jean Ray, Hannes Bok, and Aubrey Beardsley have all been acknowledged.

It seems, however, that there will forever be more careers, more actors whose nooks in the field of horror and fantasy film-

history are substantial, but have been neglected their proper recognition. Of course, producers, directors, or writers such as James Whale, Roger Corman, Tod Browning, Reginald LeBorg, and many others are all but totally ignored. In the category of special effects, more credits have been given, though, so that film buffs are familiar with George Pal, Ray Harryhausen, Willis O'Brien, and so on.

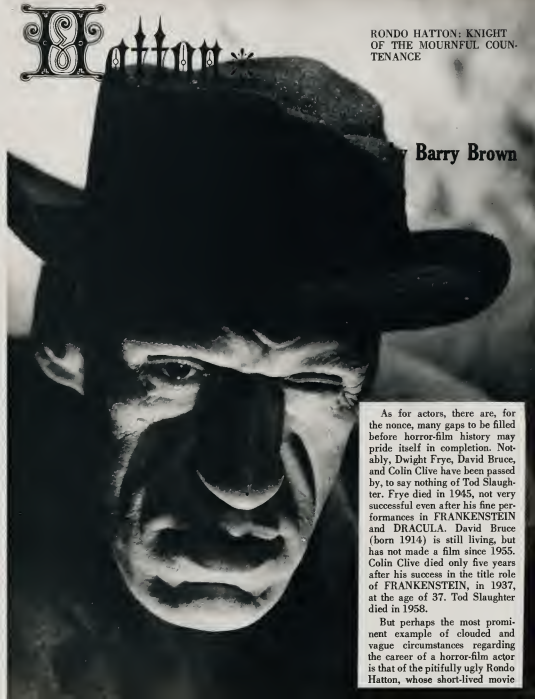
# Hatton

RONDO HATTON: KNIGHT  
OF THE MOURNFUL COUN-  
TENANCE

Barry Brown



Rondo Hatton and Jane Adams  
in *THE BRUTE MAN*.



As for actors, there are, for the nonce, many gaps to be filled before horror-film history may pride itself in completion. Notably, Dwight Frye, David Bruce, and Colin Clive have been passed by, to say nothing of Tod Slaughter. Frye died in 1945, not very successful even after his fine performances in *FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA*. David Bruce (born 1914) is still living, but has not made a film since 1955. Colin Clive died only five years after his success in the title role of *FRANKENSTEIN*, in 1937, at the age of 37. Tod Slaughter died in 1958.

But perhaps the most prominent example of clouded and vague circumstances regarding the career of a horror-film actor is that of the pitifully ugly Rondo Hatton, whose short-lived movie

life made him the star freak of two films in the Forties, bringing him fame as "The Creeper." It has been mentioned by several magazines that Hatton died shortly after he reached his zenith, but that is where the explanation ends, and no one has ever seemed interested enough to remedy that deficiency.

With the meagre information I was able to ferret from sources in Los Angeles, I hope to begin an impetus which will result in not only further research and analysis of Hatton's career in films, but investigation into many other as yet entombed personalities of yesteryear horror-flicks.

Rondo Hatton was born April 29, 1894 in Hagerstown, Maryland, the son of Stewart Price Hatton and Emily Lee Zaring, both natives of Missouri. Rondo served in World War I and did not arrive in California until 1937. I failed to unearth information regarding Hatton's first entrance into films as an extra and bit player, but in 1943 he appeared briefly in *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* at 20th Century Fox, the western classic directed by William Wellman from the novel by Walter Tilburg Van Clark. He must have begun a legitimate actor's campaign for work shortly thereafter, for his picture appears in the 1944 Academy Players Directory, a catalogue listing actors and their agents, sent out to the major studio casting offices.

In 1945, Rondo was signed to a contract by Universal, nicknamed "The Creeper", and promptly starred in two insipid films, *HOUSE OF HORRORS* and *THE BRUTE MAN*. In both he perambulated through his roles in a laconic, reticent manner, which film historian William K. Everson, in his illustrated book, *The Bad Guys*, termed "listless."

In October of that same year, Hatton became ill and was confined to his home at 308 North Maple Drive in Beverly Hills,

## THE FILMS OF RONDO HATTON

There are, without a doubt, several additions to this mite of credits, but a complete list of Hatton's bit parts was unavailable to me.

1. *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT*. 20th Century Fox, 1943. Cast: Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, Francis Ford, Leigh Whipper, Frank Conroy, Jane Darwell. Hatton had a bit part. He is present at the hanging.
2. *HOUSE OF HORRORS*. Universal, 1946. Cast: Robert Lowrey, Martin Kosleck, Virginia Grey, Alan Napier, Kent Taylor. Hatton played the Creeper murderer of Kosleck's enemies.
3. *THE BRUTE MAN*. Universal, 1946. Cast: Tom Neal, Jane Adams. Hatton was a disfigured college student whose life goes to pieces and causes him to turn killer.

where he had ensconced himself with his wife, Mabel Bush Hatton, and his parents. He was then attended by his physician, Dr. H.W. Wagoner. On the morning of February 2, 1946, he passed away from a heart attack and was buried a week later in Tampa, Florida, under the auspices of the American Legion of War Veterans.

Hatton was certainly the ugliest actor to star in a film. His elongated, beaten-ham countenance, accompanied by elephantine ears, was a result of a disease of the pituitary glands called acromegaly, similar to the malady which affected the scientist (portrayed by Leo G. Carroll) in 1956's *TARANTULA*. This disease is to be distinguished from gigantism, which is the enlargement of the skeletal frame as a whole, while acromegaly affects, in most cases, the hands, feet, and head, enlarging them to an absurd size through in-

creased secretion of growth hormones by the pituitary gland. It is a sickness usually afflicting the middle-aged, and I was unable to discover how long Hatton had been plagued with the disease. It must have been after his service in the first World War, for his condition would have precluded military duty. It can only be, ergo, a postulation to speak of the derision he may have suffered throughout his life, but it is certain that he must have been inured to his features, for in his final film part, the title role in *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hatton seemed oblivious to the fact that he was bringing to life a character whose story was painfully apposite to his own. He enacted a young, handsome scientist who is disfigured in a laboratory explosion and is thereby affected psychologically by the change in his external appearance. He becomes a profligate murderer, girt in sloven, gloomy attire, and inwardly indurated towards his former sweetheart when he sees that his ugliness repels her. Though the puerile plot and Hatton's lithoid acting style were enough to make the film a somniferous experience, *THE BRUTE MAN* is interesting if solely because it is a parallel to Rondo Hatton's own story.

*HOUSE OF HORRORS* was Hatton's first film under contract to Universal and in it he plays opposite Robert Lowrey. This film is also perfunctory in comparison to other horror-film ventures of the period (try comparing it with *DEAD OF NIGHT*, made the same year). In *HOUSE OF HORRORS*, Hatton plays the furtive "Creeper," and is used by an insane sculptor as an instrument of revenge on critics who poo-pooed the sculptor's "work of art."

By the time filming was ended on *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hatton was having recurrences of a heart condition known as myocarditis, characterized by inflammation of



the muscular walls of the heart, and undoubtedly aggravated by his acromeglia. Eventually, this condition led to a fatal coronary thrombosis four months later.

Thus, Hatton's career was cut short, partly through the same cause of his success. With the affliction of acromegaly, a person's blood pressure is raised, creating an automatically precarious heart condition. Rondo Hatton died at the age of 51, after his nondescript face had been immortalized on celluloid and his name preserved in the annals of film history. Despite his ostensible lack of any conscious probity in delineating the roles he was graced with, and in the face of the flagrant exploitation of the actor's face by Universal, it would be an inconceivable effrontery if Hatton's films and acting were to be overlooked and shelved by film buffs spoiled by the conscious artistry of a Karloff, Chaney, or Lugosi so as to be blinded by the art of Hatton's films, an art which is all the more difficult to grasp because it is hidden beneath the seemingly trivial. Let us learn that the trivial is not trivial and that Rondo Hatton has an indisputable place in the Art of the Horror Film.

—BARRY BROWN

Hatton in HOUSE  
OF HORRORS.



### Post Script:

Admittedly, Rondo Hatton's background is hazy solely because screen prominence, if not "stardom," and all the recognition it brings wasn't available to this pathetic personality until shortly before his death. Hatton's livelihood from the movie lots was primarily derived from bit parts, often mere walk-ons, and to a great extent even from extra assignments as a "quaint" face in crowd sequences.

Rondo Hatton's first film role was evidently in 1930, as a reporter in *HELL HARBOR*. The movie was shot in and around the Tampa-St. Petersburg, Florida area. Significantly, Hatton was at the time employed as an actual reporter on the *Tampa Tribune* from where he was undoubtedly recruited.

Hatton also appeared in *IN OLD CHICAGO* (made in 1937 and released in '38) and, interestingly, was cast as "Rondo," a brutish henchman. The cast included Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye. (Of course, Hatton was in many other productions between 1930-37.)

At other times he appeared in various Westerns and several serials, such as *THE CYCLONE KID* (1942); in 1945's *THE ROYAL MOUNTED RIDES AGAIN*, and in the 1944 Western serial *RAIDERS OF GHOST*

*CITY*. These provide, more or less for a reasonably clear outline of Hatton's usual average work.

However, before *HOUSE OF HORRORS* and *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hatton was to attain his first important recognition in the Sherlock Holmes thriller, *THE PEARL OF DEATH* (Universal, 1944), which of course starred the immortal Basil Rathbone and beloved Nigel Bruce. It was in this film where Hatton not only arose to a new height from former obscurity but would, ironically, become identified as "The Creeper." Though *HOUSE OF HORRORS* wasn't a sequel, it managed to become one of several spin-offs from the Sherlock Holmes series; Hatton was now virtually a prominent horror actor, and would go out again to play the part of "The Creeper."

Hatton played the part of the murderous "Murdock," (typical of his "Creeper" roles as a strangling crusher) in *THE SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK* (1946), a spin-off from 1944's *THE SPIDER WOMAN*, another of the Rathbone-Bruce "Holmes" series. Exotic villainess Gale Sondergaard, who played the title role in both films, orders Hatton around to do her bidding. Both, naturally, meet their just rewards.

Understandably, ailments and

deformities as basic plot sources for filmmaking is rather creepy and distasteful and has been carefully shirked by the studios. PRC, nonetheless, took the plunge in 1944 by delineating through exaggeration all of the sickening symptoms of *acromegaly*, the ailment that in real life contributed to Rondo Hatton's demise—the name of the film, *THE MONSTER MAKER*, starring J. Carrol Naish and Ralph Morgan, with Glenn Strange.

Acromegaly is used as a means of obtaining a moment of total, although temporal, power that a brilliant but quite twisted scientist (Naish) wields over a great concert pianist (Morgan). Naish falls insanely, of course, in love with Morgan's daughter, Wanda McKay, after he has saved her life during surgery following a terrible accident. Unhappy for Naish, Miss McKay is already betrothed to someone else: the typical horror film "hero" (bland, superficial and uninteresting, compared to the "villian" who is, obviously, usually quite distinguished, educated to the hilt and an urbane man-of-the-world. And also ruthless and twisted as they come). The more Naish lavishes his attentions on Wanda via flowers, notes and proposals, the more she's taken aback. The idea also repels Ralph Morgan and he decides to take Naish to task. Their argument becomes more heated and Morgan leaves Naish's office in a huff. While attempting to exit, Naish renders him unconscious with a blow to the head. Naish then utilizes the period of unconsciousness to inject Morgan with acromegaly serum; his burly orderly, Glenn Strange, assists in placing Morgan in one of the private clinic's beds. Naish telephones Morgan's daughter and falsely informs her that her father had a mild dizzy spell and will be all right, but should be taken back home by her since he may still be groggy for a while.





For the moment, everything seems normal again, Naish seems to have been put in his place, and Morgan goes on rehearsing for his concerts . . . only to discover an unusual stiffness in his fingers. As the days pass, Morgan grows increasingly restless and alarmed as his coordination and digital dexterity seem to be vitiating rapidly. Before long he realizes his concert days may well be at an end. Consulting several physicians and after thorough medical check-ups, he is informed of the fact that he has an unusual form of acromegaly:

The disease has spread with fantastic speed, causing results in a matter of weeks which would normally take years. Morgan is informed that the disease is very rare and that there is no known cure; however, "There happens

to be a Dr. Markoff (J. Carrol Naish) in town who has been conducting research on acromegaly for years."

The mere mention of Naish's name enrages Morgan beyond belief; the thought of consulting with him seems, therefore, out of the question. As the disease rages on its course, its deformative effect becomes apparent as Morgan keeps more to himself. Wanda McKay is worried about her father and conveys her concern to her fiancée; by now Morgan has totally isolated himself within the private apartment that is his study in another part of his house. Wanda and her fiancée are momentarily relieved to hear the beautiful sound of Morgan's piano playing coming from behind the doors of his study one evening, until . . . they enter

and find no piano player there: only Ralph Morgan, hovering grotesquely in semi-darkness over a record player, playing one of his own recordings—he is now deformed appallingly and transfigured into the complete monster and creation of the evil Naish. Wanda falls into a merciful faint; Morgan advises her fiancée in a strange rasping voice to keep her out from now on so that she does not have to see him in this condition again. On coming to, Wanda's fiancée pacifies the distraught girl into thinking that it may have been an illusion and mostly the shadows in the dark room that made her imagine it all.

Morgan then decides to see Naish and lay his cards on the table. Naish is adamant however, and argues that a cure can only



be effected if he can influence his daughter. Morgan goes suddenly berserk and attacks Naish, but is pinned down by Glenn Strange. Naish and Strange then strap and tie down Morgan making him a prisoner. By pretending that Morgan had a breakdown after coming to seek a cure, Naish realizes that he may be able to lure Wanda and gradually ensnare her into his plans.

Underlying the whole film is a subplot involving a neglected and much-abused lady assistant scientist, played by Tala Birell. In the lab where much of the research takes place is a miniature zoo, including the usual variety of lab animals, and a German shepherd hound who is especially devoted to his mistress, Miss Birell, and . . . a huge fearsome gorilla that hates Miss Birell and is annoyed by her dog's presence.

Among many things, Tala Birell also knows about Naish's shady past: that he gained his name and reputation through foul means by using the credentials and acromegaly research of a certain European scientist who, it appears, had been "done away" with under mysterious circumstances.

After finding an empty vial that contained acromegaly serum, Birell confronts Naish with evidence she has that proves how Morgan didn't become "sick" naturally. Naish tries to weasel out of this indelicate situation, but also realizes that Birell stands between him and any plans he may have for Wanda McKay. After Birell retires to her room that night, Naish conveniently leaves the lab door open and unlatches the gorilla's cage. Picking up the scent, the gorilla ad-

vances to Birell's room, murder in his heart. In the morning Naish is shocked to see Birell alive and well, despite her horrendous encounter; it suddenly becomes obvious that the loyal German shepherd succeeded in cowing the awesome gorilla (who, by this time, had been herded back into his cage).

In the end Naish receives his just desserts as his evil and villainous career comes to a dramatic close with his death, while all the good and worthy people survive. Ralph Morgan also makes a complete recovery, thanks to Tala Birell's knowledge of acromegaly and an antidote. And to the dramatic tempo of Chopin's "Polonaise" concerto, played with superb verve by Ralph Morgan in a concert hall, the story reaches its happy conclusion. —Calvin T. Beck



Voluptuous, well-endowed Ingrid Pitt has now attained status with fright queens Barbara Shelley and Barbara Steele since *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS*, and now in *THE HOUSE THAT GRIPPED BLOOD*, Robert Bloch's new screenplay. She's shown here as Carla, leader of a vampire club out to gain converts. Anyone interested getting fanged by her and joining up?

PART TWO

## AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT BLOCH

Marking the conclusion of a two-part interview with one of the most esteemed masters of modern fantasy and horror fiction.

**COF:** You've written some semi-satirical short stories about Hollywood: "Terror Over Hollywood," "Is Betsy Blake Still Alive?" "Sock Finish," "The Dream Makers." Do these reflect a certain cynicism toward film-making?  
**BLOCH:** More of a love, I think. I started out as a movie fan of the

silent era. When I was in England recently I joined the National Film Society so I could catch up on a whole lot of old films which I hadn't seen for forty years. I spent my youth in the Midwest in theaters. The first film that shocked me out of my wits was

**PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.** Lon Chaney had a traumatic effect on me. All during the 1930's I carried on a private romance with Hollywood. Movies were an outlet during the Depression. An escape. For a dime you saw a double feature. Dream stuff. Escapism par excellence. When I came to Hollywood in 1959 it was like coming into a world I had always dreamed of seeing. It was a great thrill to meet these people, to work with them, to get to know them. I still feel that way. Part of me is still extremely naïve—eight years old, wandering around and gawking at the stars. Those short stories you cited—they were all written before I came to Hollywood, so they are not tinged with cynicism by any means.

**COF:** And now that you are embedded deeply in the Hollywood community, how do you feel about motion pictures in your genres?

**BLOCH:** I was impressed with 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, naturally. But I thought it was 90 percent Kubrick and only ten percent Clarke. I would like to see the original shooting script some day just to verify whether I am right.

Anyway, I felt there were four styles of science fiction. The ape sequence and the initial spaceship material was in the old Gernsback technological style. Everything scientifically accurate and beautifully done. This was written to satisfy the hard core s-f enthusiasts. The second section, to me, was an American-International parody with the computer. With the Vincent Price overtones. The third dressing up, of course, was for the hippies, and this is the trip through the Stargate—the psychedelic experience. The fourth was metaphysical. The ambiguous finale. So, it was a film done in four divergent styles—but for a purpose. Designed to hook just about every potential level of an audience. Commercially this is sound, but I don't know how aesthetic it is.

**COF:** Is it true that your wife never reads any of your stories?

**BLOCH:** (Chuckling)—It's true. She doesn't care to know that side of me. She hasn't even seen PSYCHO. In fact, I never discuss with her what I've written. While she enjoys Christopher Lee and others as friends, she doesn't follow their work either.

**COF:** You sold your first story to *Weird Tales* when you were only 17. Many of those first stories, "Feast In The Abbey" and so on, were pretty well considered imitative of the H.P. Lovecraft tradition.

**BLOCH:** I was very definitely a Lovecraft follower and a Lovecraft pupil. He read and criticized the first few stories I did. Naturally I admired his work and so, for the first four or five years, my work was derivative and reminiscent of Lovecraft.

**COF:** In his "Searchers Of Tomorrow," Sam Moskowitz states: "In science fiction Bloch felt uninhibited, under no obligation to be anything but himself. In weird fiction the ghost of Lovecraft bound him in a literary straitjacket that he would be years in completely extricating himself from." Do you agree with that?

**BLOCH:** I agree partially. I would say that regarding science fiction Moskowitz is referring primarily to my Lefty Feep stories, which were broad farces utilizing the Damon Runyon idiom of the early 1940's with fantastic locales. This was the first time I totally cut loose from horror stories in a different style. But I had also done humor in *Weird Tales* that was just as uninhibited and I had already begun to develop what eventually became my style (for better or for worse) in *Weird Tales*. Then there are the mystery and suspense novels. "The Scarf" was the big breakthrough for me because I hadn't done anything like it before. I began to inject more and more pseudo-psychology and psychiatry in my works. And nobody has yet discovered that although I've dealt with psychotherapy in 50 or more of my stories, I'm totally unsympathetic to the Freudian concept. Almost in every instance the psychiatrist's attitudes are exposed or downgraded. And from that, of course, comes the final phase of my career: writing films and TV. To specification, of course.

**COF:** What percentage of your material in the last few years would you say is pure science fiction?

**BLOCH:** very very little—unfortunately.

**COF:** Has, then, the bulk of your stories been in the horror genre?

**BLOCH:** Always has been. I think



**WILLIAM CASTLE** warns you that your  
dreams can make you a...

# NIGHT WALKER



Will it  
drive you  
to dream  
of **SEX**  
...of **MURDER**  
and  
secret  
desires  
you're  
ashamed  
to admit  
when  
awake!

STARRING

**ROBERT TAYLOR • BARBARA STANWYCK**

JUDITH MEREDITH

Also Starring

**LYLOYD BOCHNER**

as "The Dream"

Screenplay by **ROBERT BLOCH** Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM CASTLE** A Universal Picture

*Together  
Again!*



I'm only a science fiction writer by sufferance. After the decline of *Weird Tales* the science fiction magazines would print fantasy and label it science fiction. But I know nothing about science at all. I never have.  
**COF:** The same is true of Ray Bradbury.

**BLOCH:** Yes, but Ray is a stylist. That is his strength. And so he must write a Bradbury story. There is such a thing as a Bradbury story. There is no such thing as a Bloch story. I've written in too many fields. Bradbury always consciously plays the role of a child in an adult world. The sense of wonder of a child. The innocence of

a child. The insight of a child. This may seem a downgrading of his talent, but it is more an explanation of it. He gives to young people a voice. He is their spokesman. He looks at the Emperor and sees that he is naked. Behind the computer is some poor fellow who has to feed it data. Ray sees only the man, he doesn't see all the technological front.

**COF:** Who are some of your other favorite writers?

**BLOCH:** Strangely enough, Mark Twain. Poe, naturally. I was very much interested in James Branch Cabell. I still am. One of the greatest writers of the 20th. Century, and one

totally neglected, is Jules Romains. I have 14 volumes of his books here.

**COF:** You said a moment ago there is no such thing as a Bloch story. Why?

**BLOCH:** I've always suffered from a shortage of talent. I'm very limited. Secondly, I have a very inadequate educational background. I must therefore improvise, invent and augment. Thirdly, I am faced with the problem that faces every writer: the necessity to keep up with trends. It's not a matter of growing stale—it's a matter of growing out of touch. Actually, empathy is the only strength I have. The ability to put myself in-





#### EXPERIMENT IN NIGHTMARE

EXPERIMENT IN NIGHTMARE is an unusual 5 minute film especially created as a pre-publicity tie-in with THE NIGHT WALKER. Written by & starring Bloch, it also featured professional hypnotist Pat Collins. She is seen above in this documentary segment in an experiment with mambars of her audience.

Left: Loretta Young, age 16 (l), as Satan's "slave" in 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN.

#### 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN



#### 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN



side the characters and understand their motivations. This is merely a matter of acting in print. I impersonate the people as I write them.

COF: What kind of writing schedule do you maintain? Do you have a set pattern or do you work only when you feel like it?

BLOCH: If I only worked when I felt like it, nothing would ever get done. If I have something going, I sit down at the typewriter at 9 in the morning. I get up for lunch, I keep working until I get tired. When I get tired I quit. I've learned I can force myself to go on, but the next day I'll have to re-do those pages.

COF: How long does it usually take you to write a novel, say, like "Firebug" or "Terror"?

BLOCH: Usually five or six weeks. I revise as I go along. I used to have cyestrain before contact lenses, so I tried to save myself by having as few drafts as possible. I've trained myself to write first draft. I'm lazy, you see. And the sooner I get it over with, the more time I have to loaf and complain. If it's a screenplay I don't get a good night's sleep. I write in my sleep—a kind of half-dream, half-awake state. When I get up to my typewriter, suddenly it's all there again, working at me. I want to get that succulence off my back. That 40 pound monkey of manuscript. I want to get it done with—not that there's any craftsmanship involved.

COF: How much reading of science fiction do you do nowadays?

BLOCH: In recent years I haven't been reading one-tenth of what I once read—or should be reading. I simply don't have the time.

COF: What are your feelings about the so-called "new wave" of s-f writers? Those who seem to be more concerned with style and ambiguity than anything else...

BLOCH: I'm not sold on it, though right now it's the vogue. There's such a deficiency in content and concept. Because I'm so ancient I can reflect on all the great moments in science fiction. I know when s-f really began to spark. I can cite you half a dozen breakthroughs in concepts that were quite staggering, within a contemporary frame of reference. Isaac Asimov developed the robot stories; A.E. Van Vogt developed things that were based on general semantics theories. Ted Sturgeon did "More Than Human," Alfie Bester came along with "The Demolished Man," Phil Farmer with "The Lovers." These were always matters of not only technique but ideas that were departures from what had previously been done.

What I'm attempting to say is that in recent years I have seen no such

#### STRAIT JACKET



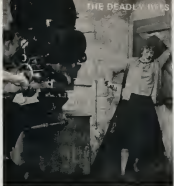
breakthroughs in stories. I have seen stylists come along and adapt stylist tricks and nuances from so-called mainstream fiction or avant-garde fiction. We've had nothing to shake up readers or broaden the field. Only stylists. And what are they writing about, really? The atomic holocaust; the end of the world; the reconstructed man; attitudes of aliens; totalitarian societies on other planets. They are still preaching such miraculous new concepts as bigotry, intolerance, brotherhood. This is all fine and dandy but it is not an explication of the best that can be done. There's going to have to be some very new directions taken. Not toward outer space, but toward inner space. The strange gray world inside our cranium. That is the microcosm and macrocosm we've just begun to touch upon. We must become obsessed with the miracle of man's thoughts, his conscience. This to me is where it's all at. This is what's happening, baby. When writers turn on themselves to examine the subliminal and think of ESP in terms of its cerebral connotation, rather than its external effect, then we'll have something to wax lyrical about.

COF: In many of your stories you paint an ugly portrait of mankind in general. Why is this?

BLOCH: To me, people in mass are an enigma. I've never seen anything constructive performed by a

#### CALIGARI





mob. I've never seen anything worthwhile performed at a gathering. People seem to lose their humanity in a herd. The baser drives are laid bare. You even see this in PTA groups and Little League teams. It exemplifies all the worst elements of the human condition. I've seen too much of that because I worked for many years in the advertising business—and before that I did a great deal of ghost writing for politicians. You have to find the real reasons for seducing a person to buy a certain product or to vote for a certain candidate. I started writing 35 years ago and, until the late 50's, was always very much a part of the mass and had ample opportunity to live with it first-hand. Some were very fine people, but others gave nothing to the world and had no desire to do so. They lived for sensations, for kicks, for today only. And in them I've never been able to completely excuse these weaknesses. Perhaps this is an unjust viewpoint. I've never been victimized, I've never been paranoid, my parents were good to me. I suppose I'm just idealistic. I must say this about my writing—you'll find almost always, in the last analysis, I'm writing a morality piece. My villains don't triumph—they don't really enjoy their frustrations or perversions. The grotesqueries that I write about are merely illustrative. I never have believed that anyone who's read *PSYCHO* would want to go out



and become another Norman Bates. There's no percentage in it. [Bloch points toward his bookcase]: You can see my problem as a writer on those shelves there. I've written in too many fields and people interested in one don't know anything about the other. People who read mysteries don't read science fiction, and vice versa.

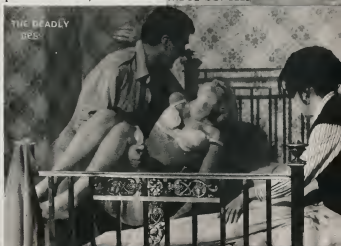
COF: To wrap this up—what advice would you give to young writers today?

BLOCH: That which most of us writers try to avoid: sit down at the typewriter and write!

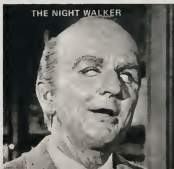
I've found that 90 percent of the would-be writers don't want to write. What they want is to be known as writers. They want the label. But the actual act is something they dread. To me, all writing is communication, self-expression. Or should be. My objection to atonality in music, to glorified Rorschach Tests which pass as pieces of Modern Art, and to so much



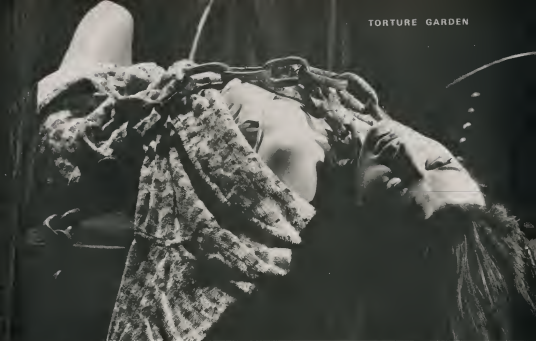
THE DEADLY BEES



THE DEADLY DEES



THE NIGHT WALKER



written today is that it does not communicate. I still believe it is the prime duty of the writer or the artist to hold the attention of an audience—to entertain or to enlighten. I've always had this desire to communicate with people. Share a viewpoint, evoke a reaction. The switch, the punch, the gimmick, the mystification, the joke, sight or verbal—even the pun. The slant or twist on the obvious. Beyond that, there isn't much else to say.

\* \* \*



**Important note:** This interview was taped on the Munichstadt Glockenrekordadt Gramophonich audiogramme at 7½ ips, on 3M UltraMy-lar Tape, using 4 stereo mikes for 8 track stereo-sound. Gabe Lahly at the controls; Mingo 8-Ball Carson on boom mikes; Irving Forbush, head grip; Zsa Zsa Guntilla, script girl; Kim Beale, spl. fx.

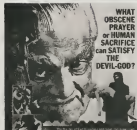
This is a Du-Gio Production.



English Christian, a Danish 1926 WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES. Christiane, 20, as the Devil, standing off to the right.



# The CRIMSON CULT



**THE CRIMSON CULT**  
(89 mins; AIP, 1976).

The original title was "The Crimson Altar," and it was made in '68. While several more Karloff films still await release, this was one of his last, and an excruciatingly bad, vapid one it is. Lugubrious nonsense about devil cult activity has Chris Lea standing stiffly around, Barbara Steele painted green, and wham! Chris bound Karloff giving his all to exit lines like "I always knew he had a split mind." Though very weak tea, things perk up a bit when Boris is onscreen. With Michael Gough, Mark Eden, Virginia Wetherell. Directed by Vernon Sewell (Eastman Color). — Joe Dante



# WEEKEND movie guide

**M-120 min.; Nero, 1931.** Shortest little ever for a film. In psychological-horror study as Berlin child murderer, Peter Lorre was catapulted into overnight stardom. Based on Thomas Harbou's novel, Fritz Lang's brilliant study of psycho killer examines problem from a sociological vantage point. One of director Lang's greatest, far ahead of its time, but as much "now" as it'll ever be. Music! excerpts from "Peer Gynt." Otto Wernicke, Inge Landgut, Fritz Gnaess, Theo Lingen, Rudolf Blumner.

**M-88 min.; Col., 1951.** Joseph Losey's remake of 1931 Lang-Lorre classic (see above). Not as good though similar in a approach. David Wayne excellent in the Lorre role; film is definitely worth seeing as a Losey flick and as one of his few US-based productions. Howard da Silva, Luther Adler, Martin Gabel, Glenn (THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI) Anders, Steve Brodie, Raymond Burr, Jim Backus.

**MACABRE (73 min.; AA, 1958).** First of vet director Wm. Castle's "gimmick" flicks, with a Lloyo's of London insurance policy covering anyone who dies of fright watching. It's doubted if it extends to TV showings. An uneven mixture of draught suspense and black humor spoof, as father frantically searches for daughter feared buried alive. Basically rather unpleasant, not as much fun as later Castle epics. William Prince, Jacqueline Scott, Jim Backus, Christine White.

**MACBETH (107 min.; Rep., 1948).** Orson Welles' and Herbert J. Yates' (Rep's late owner) remarkable cultural venture, which Welles delivered with dialogue in thick brogue, playing Macbeth as a barbarian king. Y'allusioned, Yates had nearly entire film re-dubbed into more intelligible English. While flawed due to short shooting schedule (4 weeks), typically Wellesian cinematic bravura sees it through despite low budget, miscasting, etc. Welles, Dan O'Herlihy, Jeanette Nolan, Roddy McDowall.

**MACBETH (97 min.; Grand Prize, 1960).** More purist oriented version produced in England and seen originally on TV. Hallmark Hall of Fame series, winner of 5 Emmy awards. Competent, representational film-making, expertly acted by fine cast. We still prefer Orson's version, though. Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, Michael Hordern, Ian Bannen, many others. Color.

**MACHINE GUN KELLY (84 min.; AIP, 1958).** Roger Corman's ordinary gangster-programmer material into vaguely horror-styled manic melodrama. Hoodlum Kelly finds most of his drama going away because of morbid terror of anything connected to death. Charles Bronson is forceful as Kelly, and Morey Amsterdam does surprisingly good in "straight" role as homo' informer. Susan Cabot, Richard Devon, Jack Lambert.

**MACISTE AGAINST HERCULES IN THE VALUE OF WOE (95 min.; Embassy, 1963).** Title gives ample indication of lumpy, vaguely Italian "spoof" of muscle spectacle. Fight promoters go back in time, stage fight between Hercules and Maciste. Not as amusing or funny as its models, with horrid over-playing by Franco & Chicco, the world's worst comedy team. Frank Gordon, Kirk Morris, Liana Orfei. Color, Scope.

**MACUMBA LORE (86 min.; UA, 1960).** Writer researching voodoo exposure to the real thing on tropical island. Fair adventure-horror, nicely shot in Brazil. Walter Reed, Ziva Rodann, June Wilkinson, William Wellman Jr. Color.

**MAO ABOUT MEN (90 min.; Eagle Lion, 1954).** Measurable British fantasy sequel to MIRANDA, continuing the adventures of the loveliest mermaid. Not one of the "best" Brit' light comedy fantasies, with a nice pace, sustaining interest through suggestion of sight and dialogue droolery. Glynnis Johns, Margaret Rutherford, Anne Crawford, Donald Sinden. Color.

**MAO DOCTOR, THE (90 min.; Par., 1941).** Only occasionally effective "A-" thriller about wealthy Viennese psychiatrist Basil Rathbone who marries rich woman and bumps them off. A few good scenes in otherwise flat, predictable film. Martin Kosleck, Ralph Morgan, John Howard, Ellen Drew.

**MAO DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND (88 min.; Hemisphere, 1952).** Cheap, repellent, sadistic Filipino sex-horror carnage. Green mutant tears luckless Blood Island residents limb from limb. Includes an incredibly graphic sex sequence considering film is rated

M by Code. Do you really see these pictures? Plenty of entrails scattered about, great stuff for slack-jawed droolers. First assured a sequel, BEAST OF BLOOD, is already out. John Ashley (me orles, memories), Alicia Alonzo, Ronald Remey. Dirs. Gerry DeLeon, Eddie Romero. Eastman Color.

**MAO DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET (THE) (61 min.; Univ., 1942).** Idiotic thriller and one of Universal's all-time worst. Charged with murder, insane scientist Lionel Atwill flees Philadelphia, sans W.C. Fields, ending up as "the God of Life" (but not of Time or Fortune) heading a tribe of feeble-minded natives on a South Sea Isle. Waste of film and talent. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Claire Dool.

**MAO EXECUTIONERS, THE (92 min.; Par., 1955).** Eerie photography lends nice Gothic tone to German adaptation of Edgar Wallace-inspired "White Carpet," by his son. Pretty blondes are bedeviled by fiend. Several deliciously preposterous moments; twisting plot should keep you guessing even after film is over. Joyce Felmy, Maria Persch, Dieter Borchae, Heinz Drache. Totalscope.

**MAO GENIUS, THE (81 min.; WB, 1931).** Crazed, foot-dooed dance genius exercises evil Svangal-like influence over young man and over the film. Jimsie Garmore attempts to reprise his success in the latter role with far result in interesting Michael Cade semi-horror production. Marian Marsh, Donald Cook, Boris Karloff.

**MAO GHOU, THE (65 min.; Univ., 1943).** Grisly little shocker about vapor which induces a state of "living death." Wildly fantastic, with juicy macabre ending, but basically the usual stuff. George Zucco, Evelyn Ankers, David Bruce, Turhan Bey.

**MAO LOVE (83 min.; MGM, 1935).** Excellent moods prevail in slightly dated remake of 1925 German silent "THE HANDS OF DR. LAC." Insane surgeon grafts murderer's hands on wrists of injured content pianist. Fine Germanic atmosphere, sets, direction by Karl Freund. Excellent performance by Peter Lorre in his American film debut. Good support from Colin Clive, Ed Brophy, Key Luke, Frances Drake.

**MAO MAGICIAN, THE (72 min.; Col., 1954).** Vincent Price as The Great Gallico, Master of Illusion, goes berserk and polishes victims off in his crematorium and lethal buzzsaw. One of the very last 3-D films. Despite several interesting moments, attempt to ride on box-office success of THE HOUSE OF WAX! under facing director John Brahm who even includes a bonfire set-piece from his much better HANGOVER SQUARE. John Emery, Eva Gabor, Mary Murphy.

**MAO MONSTER, THE (72 min.; PRC, 1942).** Cheap Grade-C werewolf thriller. Mad doctor George Zucco turns dull-witted Glenn Strange into monster. Awful acting by Johnny Downs and dialogue are good for a chuckle, with A-1 veteran villain Zucco playing it to the hilt; but the rest is uninteresting and routine. Anne Nagel.

**MAOMEN OF MANOORAS (74 min.; Crown, 1943).** In the grand tradition of THE MAN WITHOUT A BODY and ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS, Hitler's head returns to spread hate in mildy offbeat but silly grade-C horror. Walter Stocker, Audrey Caire, Carlos Rivas. (Phillipine made.)

**MAOWOMAN OF CHAILLOT, THE (145 min.; WB/TA, 1958).** Bryan Forbes replaced John Huston as director of updated version of Jean Giraudoux's cerebral fantasy play of scheme to save the world (and to save Paris) from being leveled for oil deposits. Intentions show, combined with occasional distended staginess. Nevertheless, brilliantly shot by Claude Rains, Robert Burdett, Giffney, beautifully scored. Fine cast helps, and heavily romantic script will please anyone concerned over world's troubles. Katherine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, Danyel Goy, Yul Bryn-

## LIVING SKYSCRAPERS OF STONE THUNDERING ACROSS THE EARTH!



GRANT WILLIAMS • LOLA ALBRIGHT

LES TREMAYNE • PHIL HARVEY • TREVOR BARDETTE



A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



THE VAMPIRE

ner, Oscar Homolka, Donald Pleasence, Paul Henreid, Richard Chamberlain, others. Technicolor.

**MAGIC BOY** (76 min.; MGM, 1961). Young boy learns magic powers from hermit, frees his village from bandits in Japanese cartoon feature. Seemed more outstanding in '61, now hard to distinguish from scores of cheapie animated Japanese TV series. Color.

**MAGIC CARPET, THE** (94 min.; Col., 1951). Another opportunity to see bad to so-so film players who could only make good in a medium equal to their talents: TV. Inspired Arabian Nights fantasy, same old stuff about the dis-inherited prince who revolts (but, revolts who? Ahai), Lucille Ball, John Agar, Raymond Burr. Color.

**MAGIC CHRISTIAN, THE** (92 min., Commonwealth, 1969). Some fleetingly funny moments in labored fantasy spoof from Terry Southern novel. Campy, nihilistic humor often misfires leaving sour taste. Hardly uplifting, but some good direction by Joe McGrath and one of the greatest Dracula shots ever with Chris Lee sliding down a wide-angle ship's corridor. Mostly a dud. Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr and some of the quickest cameos ever by Nabuqi Welch, Richard Attenborough, others including Roman Polanski. Celuex Color.

**MAGIC FACE, THE** (90 min.; Col., 1951). Intriguing "It" melodrama. Actor becomes Hitler's valet and then kills him in attempt to end the war via strategic military errors (that have some historical basis). Luther

#### The Magic Sword



Adler is excellent in the lead, with Patricia Medina, "Third Reich" author William L. Shirer.

**MAGIC SWORD, THE** (80 min.-UA-1962). When evil sorcerer Lodac kidnaps the Princess to feed his dragon, St. George braves the dreaded Seven Curses to rescue her. Charming special fx, adventure story-line, makeup and presence of Basil Rathbone and Estelle Winwood makes it impossible to imagine that generally schlocky, horrid filmmaker Bert L. Gordon was behind this. But it may be his only worthy venture, even if he lives another hundred years. Gary Lockwood, Anne Helm, Vampire. Color.

**MAGIC WORLD OF TOPO GIGIO, THE** (72 min.; Col., 1965). Originally exploited on Ed Sullivan's Show, Topo Gigio, the talking (rubber) mouse, takes off for the moon with his girl friend and little pal the cowardly worm. Cutesy-poo Italian children's film. Mickey need not fear the competition. Color.

**MAGICIAN, THE** (110 min.; Janus, 1959). Brilliant but difficult exploration of fantasy and reality by Ingmar Bergman: In reality, little of what is accepted is what it may seem to be; that man is in perpetual search of a Messiah, or counterpart, only to be disillusioned to learn that each Messiah is nothing but another man. Integral part of the Bergman Mystery, one of best foreign films available to TV. Special Jury Prize, Venice Festival. Max Von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Bjornstrand, Bibi Andersson.

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secret hidden  
from the world  
for 200 years...  
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VERONICA HURST**

with KATHERINE EMERY • MICHAEL FATE • HILLARY BODICE

Executive Producer: **WALTER MIRISCH** • Richard Heermance • William Cameron Menzies

Written for the Screen by **DAN ULLMAN** • Maurice Sandoz

PLEASE do not  
reveal the  
amazing climax  
to your friends!

**MAGNET, THE (79 min.; Univ., 1951).** Odd, fragile British comedy-drama with semi-fantasy overtones, about small boy's attachment to a magnet that he thinks has magical properties. Worthy of a look. William Fox, Kay Walsh, Stephen Murray.

**MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE (79 min.; UA, 1953).** Good, inventive little atomic thriller of "imagination" which even today is remembered and intelligently intercuts majestic scenes from 1934 UFA German spectacular **GOLD**. Produced by Ivan Tors, directed by Curt Siodmak. Richard Carlson, Kong Donovan, Jean Byron.

**MAGUS, THE (119 min.; Fox, 1948).** Mystical, Fellini-like style pervades overall story, at times rambling but leaving one with feeling of having taken a filmic "trip." Anthony Quinn plays a torn-hearted Greek millionaire producing a movie; during WW 2, 30 men died as hostages, while Quinn was town's mayor. Now in the present, Caline becomes victim to Quinn's derangement. Dramatic moods and ending, quite worthy of attention. Candice Berges, Michael Caline, Anna Karina, Paul Stassino. Deluxe Color.

**MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE (88 min.; RKO, 1942).** Hollywood had years ago sowed seeds that grew into its present ruin. Despite 45 minutes butchered from it, Orson Welles' 2nd theatrically released film still survives as one of the most important works of filmic art, considered great as **CITIZEN KANE**, recently Welles revealed it also as a loose, semi-biographical story of his own family background. Too complex & important for the spook, it will be covered more adequately in a forthcoming issue. Produced, written and dir. by Orson Welles; editing by Robert Rothenberg, music, Bernard Herrmann. With: Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, Ray Collins, Anne Baxter

**MAJIN—MONSTER OF TERROR (86 min.; Daii, 1964).** Stone monster of legendary powers comes to life to rout a usurper in by far the best directed "monster" film so far. It's no **KWAI DAN**, but careful production, atmosphere and stunning color (and Scope, unfortunately) photography make us regret the film's pitifully limited theatrical release and quick sale to TV. Miwa Takada, Yoshiko Aoyama, Tatsue Enzo. Color.

**MALTESE PUPPY, THE (92 min.; MGM, 1969).** Rowan & Martin's first major pic isn't up to their 1958 **ONCE UPON A HORSE**. Very dated style horror-spoof has evil neighbor convince Martin & Rowan were wolf in effort to get stolen diamonds. Good cast, funny Olsen & Johnson-like opening and end, with some nice grisly sick jokes, but unexpectedly unimaginative, unfamiliar. Typical example of trying to fit individual comic talents into debilitating formula pictures the same sense of mixed potential as imparted by most of Abbott & Costello's and Olsen-Johnson's studio designed vehicles. Shots included from **ATLANTIS** and **THE TIME MACHINE**. Carol Lynley, Fritz Weaver, Mildred Natwick, Julie Newmar, Dir. Norman Panama. Panavision, Metro Color.

**MALTESE FALCON, THE (101 min.; WB, 1941).** 3rd, best version of Dashiell Hammett's novel of Sam Spide, perhaps not the first "private eye" of fiction but certainly the one to have the strongest impact in the genre (previously filmed in '31 & '35 as **SATAN MET A LADY**). Not the typical hard-boiled detective meller at all, Humphrey Bogart launched to stardom as Spide in what has become Film Hall of Fame classic. Greed and lust provide the background for rich, colorful characterizations enacted by Peter Lorre as homo-sexual "sheep," Elisha Cook as a neurotic hood, and Sydney Greenstreet (in US debut) as the aristocratic, shifty, oily Fat Man. Unusual for this type film especially at such a date, is the existential sense unnoted until punch-line peak at the end. John Huston's first directorial attempt. Mary Astor, Gladys George, Barton MacLane, Jerome Cowan, Walter Huston.

**MAN AND THE MONSTER, THE (78 min.; AIP, 1956).** A monster so unimentionably dull it's just about perfect. Somewhat above average for a Mexican would-be chiller, moderately imaginative setups and visuals serve to only intone deliciously hokey plot: famed concert musician turns into a werewolf, because of dread curse, whenever proper time arrives while playing a Tchaikowski sonata on the piano. Rare jewel of its kind & great fun. Enrique Rambal, Abel Salazar.

**MAN CALLED PLINSTONE, THE (90 min.; Col., 1966).** Excruating cartoon spinoff from uninspired Hanna-Barbera TV series set in "prehistoric" era. Cave man Fred Plinstone turns secret agent in Paris. Stale "jokes", inept quickie-style animation, atrocious timing, unimaginative as the TV show, times three. Color.

**MAN FROM 1937, THE (55 min.; NTA, 1957).** Fair if originally presented on WB's old KINCO's ROW TV series. Polish immigrant uses amazing book which foretells future to obtain riches; is visited by man of the future. James Garner, Jacques Sernas, Charles Ruggles, Gloria Talbot.

**MAN FROM PLANET X, THE (70 min.; UA, 1951).** Effectively atmospheric but otherwise tranquil low-budget SF-with-messages: alien from outer space is captured by scientists in foggy English marshland setting; but "enemy" isn't alien but a ruthless scientist who tries torture to gain supposedly priceless information from the extraterrestrial. Mild but nice, Dir. Edgar G. Ulmer, Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, Raymond Bond, William Schallert.

**MAN HUNT (105 min.; Fox, 1941).** Geoffrey Household's excellent best-selling suspense novel adapted into exciting, unusual drama, as British big-game hunter Walter Pidgeon decides to stalk Hitler at Berchtesgarden, only to become the hunted. George Sanders, in one of his finest parts, shows as master of 40's screen Nazi, persecuting Pidgeon till ingenious conclusion. Outstanding performances, crafty direction by Fritz Lang. Producer Darryl F. Zanuck advised Lang not to include any swastikas since film was made before US entry into war, but Lang went ahead and used them anyway: "Imagine a Nazi picture without swastikas!" Joan Bennett, John Carradine, Roddy McDowall.

**MAN IN BLACK, THE (80 min.; Eres, 1950).** Modest, unpretentious, underrated and elusive British low-budget of occult devotees who simulate death to uncover wrongs; he even goes as far as poring as a "spirit" himself. Moody and offbeat with fine performance by shamefully neglected Valentine Dyall, Betty Ann Davies.



**MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET, THE** (92 min.; Par., 1945). Nils Asther as, more or less, 120 years old scientist who regenerates youth by organ transplants from victims. Trying to undo his sordid past, Scotland Yard and love prove his undoing. Balance between horror mood and a philosophical sentimental tone creates charming, offbeat dichotomy. Based on Barre Lyndon's play, still not quite as stimulating as Hammer's heavier remakes. **THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH.** Helen Walker, Reinhold Schunzler, Brandon Hurst.

**MAN IN OUTER SPACE** (85 min.; AIP, 1962). Satirical Czech SF-comedy, shown at Trieste, cut down and released directly to TV. Upholsterer launches himself into space by accident, returns to changed Earth in 2447. TV version ruined by swishy dubbed dialogue and typically stupid "adaptation" of original widescreen format to fit standard TV screens. Milos Kopecky, Radevan Luavsky.

**MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE** (110 min.; UA, 1939). Now middle-aged, The 3 Musketeers return in gaudy, lively filmization of Dumas' classic adventure of Louis XIV. Two impetuous twin brothers Louis Hayward (in dual role) in the Bastille with iron mask over his head. Done on a B-budget, James Whale's phenomenal expertise creates a glossy Cheesecake quality which preempts idiosyncratic studio management should be forced to study. This also marked nadir of Warren William's career (playing d'Artagnan) who a year earlier lost the Sherlock Holmes death-role to Basil Rathbone. William died several years later. Alan Hale, Joseph Schildkraut, Joan Bennett, Dwight Frye, Montagu Love.

**MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE** (70 min.; Fox, 1942). Murdered bookie's ghost returns to find his killer in silly comedy-fantasy; cheap little B time-killer. J. Carroll Nash, Raymond Walburn, Lynne Roberts.

**MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, THE** (86 min.; Univ., 1952). In the inimitable, best British comedy tradition, Scientist Alec Guinness invents miracle fabric that won't wear out, causing hysteria throughout business world. Screenplay nominated for '52 Academy Award; fine direction by Alexander MacKendrick; excellent cast. Joan Greenwood, Michael Gough, Ernest Thesiger, Cecil Parker.

**MAN MADE MONSTER** (59 min.; Univ., 1941). Typical B thriller. Scientist Lionel Atwell actually transforms stable lion Chaney into electrically charged monster by stages; quite interesting character development subtly created. Notable as Chaney's first monster role, which he handles in usual sympathetic style. Good monster within its framework, with neat production and performances. Ann Nagel, Frank Albertson. (Also titled **ATOMIC MONSTER** in post-'45 reissue.)

**MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES, THE** (122 min.; Univ., 1957). Not wholly successful but still very fascinating biopic of Lon Chaney Sr., with James Cagney superb as Chaney. Some perfectly observed glimpses into the more outre aspects of Chaney, effective if not utterly accurate dramatics—fair re-enactments of **PHANTOM**, **HUNCHBACK** and **MIRACLE MAN**, one or two "M" bits. Fine performance by Robert Evans (now head of Par.) as Irving Thalberg. Script: R. Wright Campbell, Ivan Goff. Starring: Dorothy Malone, Jane Greer, Jim Backus, Roger Smith, Celia Lovsky. Cinemascope.

**MAN OF EVIL** (90 min.; Rank, 1948). James Mason in type of role that characterized him in the Forties as specialist of suave, cold, vicious Hyde-like cruelty. Elaborate costumes, while over-talky and heavy-handed at times, hold attention all the way thanks to Mason's portrayal of domineering egomaniac who cruelly intimidates people to "dance when they hear his tune. Dir. Anthony Asquith; Stewart Granger, Wilfrid Lawson, Phyllis Calvert, Jean Kent.

**MAN THEY COULDN'T HANG, THE** (72 min.; Col., 1939). Forerunner of Columbia's Mad Doctor series, all made from what Boris Karloff considered "a hell of a good formula," while he found studio execs reluctant to alter in any way film after film. Kindly inventor of mechanical heart is convicted of murder when The Experiment goes awry thanks to interruption of typically bullheaded judge returning after execution via his invention, he kills the 12 jurors, etc. by now either painfully familiar or endearingly nostalgic, depending upon individual dedication to B films or dissatisfaction with hollywood multi-million dollar boredom. As usual, Karloff's performance is A-1-plus factor. Dir. Nick Grinde; Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray, Robert Wilcox, Don Beddoe.

**MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, THE** (83 min.; Par., 1959). Eschewing heavy sentiment and romantic element of orig., **THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET**, Hammer's remake is in modern Victorian period whereas orig. was in modern dress; but this one's livelier, sensational under top-notch Hammer treatment with characteristic fine performances, particularly Anton Diffring as lead. Dir. Terence Fisher. Hazel Court, Chris Lee, Arnold Marsh, Delphi Lawrence.

**MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, THE** (82 min.; UA, 1937). Gods above commune in heavens (one barely identifiable as George Sanders) and bestow on ordinary mortal Roland Young full powers to give anything he wishes. Based on Howard Pyle's marvelous very short film's timeless anti-war-establishment quality is lightly handled without dominating witty dialogue, charming British atmosphere which, combined with good special fx, makes this into one of the best of its kind. A truly original film classic! Dir. Lothar Mendes; Ralph Richardson, George Zucco, Bernard Nedell, Ernest Thesiger, Joan Gardner.

**MAN WHO DIED TWICE, THE** (70 min.; Rep., 1958). Vera Ralston's (Mrs. Herbert J. Yates) last film a misleading bomb attempting to capitalize via ability into horror fan market; otherwise, laborious, ordinary crime merlet with Rod Cameron, Mike Mazurski, Don Megowan.

**MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN, THE** (80 min.; Brit.Gaumont, 1936). Hard-to-locate but generally routine mad Doctor Boris Karloff plot, but as usual distinguished by the one-and-only's performance as seen actively transplanting brains from one place to another. Good cast and performances uplift. What might have easily been US disaster in British production under able dir. Robert Stevenson. (Also re-titled as **DR. MANIAC**, **THE BRAIN SATCHER**, and **MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND**.) John Loder, Cecil Parker, Anna Lee.

**MAN WHO LIVED TWICE, THE** (73 min.; Col., 1936). Fascinating marginal melodrama about criminal undergoing operation which not only changes his face but gives him amnesia as well, posing question: Is the next mind guilty of crimes of the old? Would have been more effective if ending came about two minutes earlier. Dir. Harry Lachman; Ralph Bellamy, Marian Marsh, Thurston Hall, Ward Bond, Isabel Jewel.

**MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE, THE** (71 min.; Col., 1957). Several fine performers (Victor Jory, Paul Cavanagh) wasted in illiterate horror of retard level. Attempts to restore life, etc. See it only if a complete fan, and then remember how CoF warned you. Ann Doran, William Hudson.

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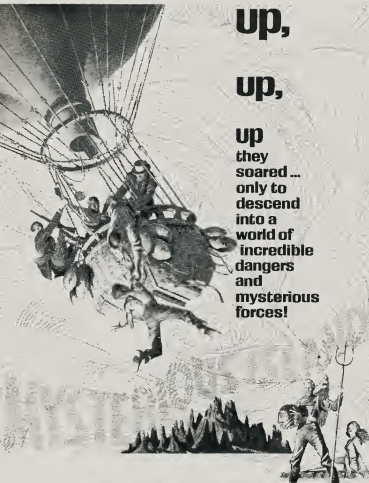
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up,  
up,  
up  
they  
soared...  
only to  
descend  
into a  
world of  
incredible  
dangers  
and  
mysterious  
forces!

## mysterious island

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Gary Merrill · Beth Rogan and Herbert Lom



**MANIA** — See THE FLESH AND THE FIENDS.

**MANIAC, THE** (87 min; Hammer, 1963). Squalid but potentially powerful Jimmy Sangster script is muddled by frowly-lake Michael Carreras' direction. Madman Donald Houston escapes asylum and menaces unfaithful wife and her lover with blowtorch. Some worthwhile portions nevertheless. Kerwin Mathews, Nadia Gray, Liliane Brousse. **Hammer scope.**

**MAN WHO WAGGED HIS TAIL, THE** (51 min; Cont., 1957). Whimsical, amusing Spanish-Italian fantasy about mean Brooklyn landlord turned into a dog for his sins. Ruined by poor English diction, indiscriminate cutting done for TV. Original form very charming and engaging. Dir. Ladislao Vajda; Peter Ustinov, Pablo Calvo, Calvo.

**MAN WITH NINE LIVES, THE** (73 min; Col., 1938). Another in Columbia's dramatically routine but scientifically prophetic Mad Doctor series. Or, Kravall (Boris Karloff) experiments with "frozen sleep" as cancer cure, plans to put the freeze on Roger Pryor and Joanne Seyers in the cause of science. Chilly drama.

**MAN WITH TWO LIVES, THE** (65 min; Mono., 1942). Restored to life after an accident, man is taken over by executed gangster's soul. Better premise than usual for Monogram, but otherwise you know what it's like. Edward Norris, Eleanor Dawson.

**MAN WITHOUT A BOOY, THE** (83 min; Col., 1957). Dull, British-made s'fer. Scientists keep alive the head of Neotradamus by setting it on lab table and sticking wires in it. George Coulouris, Robert Hutton, Julia Armit.

**MANBEAST** (72 min; AOP, 1956). Amateurish grade-D Jerry Warren prod., from "way back when we didn't construct pictures around foreign-made imports. Expedition searches Himalayas for Abominable Snowman but only comes up with Abominable Ache. "Monies" and "acting" must be seen to be disbelieved, including some of the campiest dialogue ever. Nice story idea, though—some day someone's going to make a movie out of it. Rock Madison (director), Virginia Maynor (double knicker!), Lloyd Nelson.

**MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, THE** (126 min; UA, 1962). Brilliant John Frankenheimer-George Axelrod film of Richard Condon's novel of brainwashing and political assassination has become a cult favorite in light of subsequent actual developments. Now more bizarre and far-out: tightly constructed, well played and damned engrossing! A must, but beware TV cuts. Frank Sinatra, Lawrence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, Henry Silva, John McGiver, Kluge Dineen, James Edwards, Lloyd Corrigan, Madame Spivy.

**MANFISH** (76 min; UA, 1956). Lon Chaney and Victor Jory team up to find out pirate treasure in B adventure loosely based on "The Gold Bug" and "Tall Tale Heart". Had potential, but mostly frittered away by bland direction. John Bromfield, Barbara Nichols. **Color.**

**MANSTER, THE** (71 min; Lopert, 1962). Weird, grotesque but quite crude British horror. Nipple scientist makes reporter drink a syrum causing him to grow a papier-mache head from his right shoulder. At best, strange; at worst, simply awful. Peter Dinkley, Jane Hylton, Satomi Nakamura. **Dir.** by former child actor George Breakston (NO GREATER GLORY).

**MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE, THE** (71 min; Col., 1957). Unfortunately, not The Confessions of A Spent Freak; just about mad doctor's experiments going awry and getting him deeper in trouble. But, so bad that it's almost good, though no RBOB! **MONSTER**, alas. Victor Jory, Ann Doran, William Hudson.

**MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE** (65 min; Fox, 1942). Sole fantasy-like entry in grade-B Michael Shayne detective series has a dead man returning to confound

(cont. on page 60)

# HENNRICH KLEY



# PROLOGUE:-



THE HAVEN... MANKIND'S LAST ENCLAVE ON AN EARTH WHOSE SURFACE NOW SUSTAINS THE LEGIONS OF EVIL! ONLY DEATH WAITS BEYOND THE SAFETY OF ITS WALLS!



FOR DURING THIS DISTANT AGE, MUTATED MONSTERS, SPANNED FROM THE EVILS OF ANCIENT ATOMIC WARFARE, ROAM THE WASTELANDS OF THE WORLD! SONS OF THE DEVIL ARE THEY! NOW THEY HUNT THE STRAGGLING BANDS OF HUMANS BEYOND THE SAFETY OF THE HAVEN... SOON... THEY WILL RAVAGE THE HAVEN ITSELF!

INSIDE THE HAVEN, THE MONARCH, G' HAD, ADDRESSES HIS PEOPLE!

MY CHILDREN... WE WHO DWELL WITHIN THE HAVEN HAVE THIS DAY SEEN THE TIME FINALLY COME TO PASS WHEN THE AGENT GOES FORTH! THAT WHICH HAS BEEN FORETOLD IN THE ANCIENT BOOKS IS NOW A REALITY!

I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY, AN OLD MAN... BUT I WAS NOT SO OLD THE MANY YEARS AGO WHEN PREPARATIONS FOR THIS, THE GREATEST MISSION OF MANKIND WAS FIRST BEGUN! WHEN WE, WHO WERE THE FATHERS OF THE HAVEN RESOLVED TO RETREAT NO MORE, AND TO TAKE STEPS TO BRING AT LAST AN END TO THE HORRORS THAT STALK THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD THAT WAS ONCE OUR HOME!



WITHIN THE HOUR, THIS AGENT, THIS THING THAT WE HAVE MADE, THIS MAGNIFICENT BEING WILL EMBARK AND WE SHALL HUMBL Y PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS OF HIS MISSION!

WITH THE AID OF OUR SCIENCE, WE HAVE GIVEN HIM GREAT GIFTS! IMMORTALITY AND PHYSICAL FLIGHT! TELEPATHY AND THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER! WE HAVE TAKEN HIM AND TRAINED HIM SINCE HE WAS AN INFANT... TRAINED HIM TO BE OUR CHAMPION IN THIS... MANKIND'S DARKEST HOUR! WE HAVE GIVEN HIM THE ABILITY TO TRANSPORT HIS MIND AND BODY THROUGH THE VERY BARRIERS OF TIME ITSELF! AND THIS DAY, WE PRONOUNCE HIM READY, AND THIS DAY, WE SEND HIM FORTH!

OUT OF THE HAVEN, AND BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME TO SEEK OUT THE ORIGIN OF THE ESSENCE OF EVIL... THE EVIL THAT HAS TAKEN PHYSICAL FORM AND THREATENS THE DAYS OF MANKIND ON EARTH! WE SEND HIM FORTH! OUR CHAMPION, OUR HERO, OUR AGENT IN THE AGES OF THE PAST! THIS MAN, MORE THAN A MAN, WHOM THE ARCHIVES RECORD AS... AGENT-L!





IT IS THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE! ATOMIC WARS OF AGES PAST HAD FINALLY BEEN THE CATALYST BETWEEN THE EVIL MONSTERS OF ANCIENT LEGEND AND THEIR MUTATED MANIFESTATIONS INTO REALITY....AS IF THOSE MYTHS HAD HAUNTED THE CORRIDORS OF MAN'S PSYCHE THROUGH GENERATIONS ON GENERATIONS IN UNCANNY PREMONITION OF THE DAY WHEN THE MEER WOULD INDEED INHERIT THE EARTH....IN CONSTANT PERIL OF THE THINGS WHO HUNGER AFTER THE MEER!

COME ALONG NOW, AS MANKIND'S LAST HOPE RACES DOWN THE LABYRINTH OF TIME ON A LITTLE FLIGHT OF FANTASY I CALL.....



DURING THE ENTIRE COURSE OF THIS MISSION I WILL REMAIN AT THIS STATION . . . KEEPING IN PSYCHIC COMMUNICATION WITH AGENT-L AND BROADCASTING HIS PROGRESS TO YOU - THE PEOPLE OF THE HEAVEN!

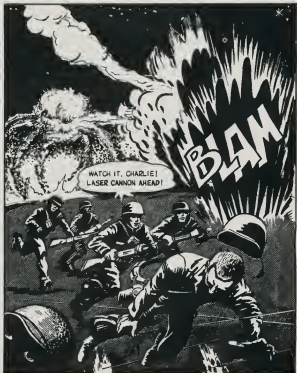
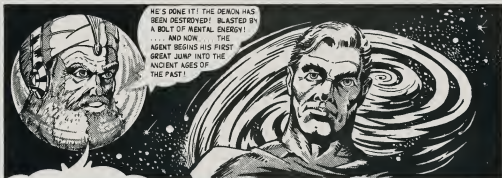
HE IS A-LOFT! HE IS IN NETHER TIME! AND NOW . . . THE AGES ARE AN OPEN DOOR TO HIM!



NOW --- MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE PAST --- THE AGENT IS READY TO TEST HIS SKILL. HE HAS FOUND A MUTANT --- A MONSTER TO KILL !!











OUR AGENT IS EXPLORING THE MAZE OF  
WARRING ERAS.... I SENSE A PSYCHIC  
DISTURBANCE.... SOMETHING  
IS AWRY!

DIRTY ROTTEN GOOKS! I'LL  
KILL YA! I'LL KILL  
EVERYONE OF YA!

# KILL THE SAXONS KILL KILL

MADNESS! IN  
EVERY AGE, IT IS THE SAME!  
THEY ARE POSSESSED BY THE  
SPIRIT OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!  
I MUST SEEK FURTHER... IT CAN  
NOT HAVE  
BEEN  
ALWAYS  
SO!

GOOD SHOW,  
ROGER. KILL  
THE RUDDY  
DOGS!

HA HA DIE,  
ENGLANDER!  
I BRING YOU DEATH!

FILTHY BOOKE, I'LL KILL YOU!



FOOLS! DID YOU THINK WE WOULD  
FEED AND TEND TO PRISONERS ALL  
THE WAY BACK TO THE CAMP OF THE  
GREAT KHAN?



TAKE  
NO  
PRISONERS.  
KILL  
THE  
LOT!



LET THE ARENA FLOW WITH BLOOD!  
SLAUGHTER THE CHRISTIANS!

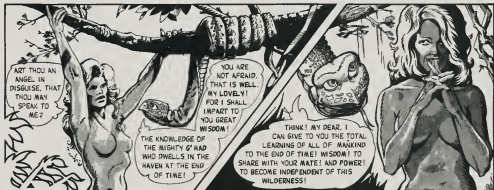
THE MISSION HAS FAILED! AGENT-L HAS BECOME SICK! WE HAVE CREATED AN IMMORTAL, NOW, MENTALLY DERANGED!

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IN TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME, HE HAD TO PASS THROUGH THE AGE OF RADIO-ACTIVE CONTAMINATION! IT COULD NOT KILL HIM, BUT IT PERMANENTLY AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!



MADNESS! G'HAD WAS A FOOL TO ATTEMPT TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF DESTINY! IT IS ONLY JUST! MANKIND DESERVES TO FALL INTO THE HUNGRY HANDS OF THE MUTATED DEMONS! THEY ARE OF HIS MAKING... THEY ARE THE HARVEST OF THE SEEDS HE HAS SOWN THROUGHOUT HIS ENTIRE HISTORY!

I SHALL GO BACK TO THE VERY FIRST HUMANS ON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH... HEEEEE... IN THE GUISE OF SOMETHING THEY ARE SURE TO ACCEPT, A SERPENT! WITH MY POWERS I SHALL GUIDE THEM... LEAD THEM THROUGH THE AGES TO THE FINAL DESTRUCTION THEY SO JUSTLY DESERVE!!!



ART THOU AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE, THAT THOU MAY SPEAK TO ME?

YOU ARE NOT AFRAID, THAT IS WELL. MY LOVELY! FOR I SHALL IMPART TO YOU GREAT WISDOM!

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIGHTY G'HAD WHO DWELLS IN THE HAVEN AT THE END OF TIME!

THINK! MY DEAR, I CAN GIVE TO YOU THE TOTAL LEARNINGS OF ALL OF MANKIND TO THE END OF TIME! WISDOM! TO SHARE WITH YOUR MATE! AND POWER! TO BECOME INDEPENDENT OF THIS WILDERNESS!

AND YOU SHALL HAVE CHILDREN! YES! AND SHALL CALL THEM CANN AND ABEL! AND TO ABEL, I WILL TEACH THE ART OF BRINGING FORTH FOOD FROM THE EARTH! AND TO CAIN... AH! TO CAIN I SHALL SET THE PRECEDENT. THAT BY HIS EXAMPLE, MANKIND MAY FOLLOW AND AFTER HIS FASHION, LIVE OUT ALL OF THEIR DAYS ON EARTH!



THE BEGINNING!

IT IS OVER! THE MISSION IS ABORTED AND AGENT-L HAS TURNED INTO A GREATER THREAT TO MANKIND THAN EVER THE DEMONS WERE!

WHO WAS THIS MAN, OH G'HAD? WHO WAS THIS HERO TO WHOM WE GAVE SUCH AWESOME POWER?



A CHILD ENTRUSTED TO US BY CHANCE! AS A BABE, HIS PARENTS CALLED HIM **LUCIFER!**

SOME AGENT! SEEMS LIKE MANKIND NEVER HAD A DEVIL OF A CHANCE! STILL... MAYBE IF THEY WOULD HAVE OFFERED HIM A STANDARD TEN PERCENT...



naulified; congressmen and senators in large numbers giving the shaft to the AgNix Axis and stalemating some of its absurd program and program plans; monstrous religious fanatic Dr. Carl McIntire's failure to attract even 5,000 fascist types and know-nothings to the Pro-War-AgNix Counter Peace Demonstration, shortly after half a million activists and demonstrators had gone (as if by some Divine Providence: on the day the Pro-War group showed the weather changed, clouds grayed ominously and copiously did weep).

And the last shall come first. For it was once wisely prophesied, *Blessed are they meek for they shall inherit the earth.*

## RIP-OFFS, INC.

Meanwhile, back at the Raunch... Nixon's attained new distinction and has evolved into the quintessential Philistine. While he was in the vanguard of witch-hunts and blacklists against Hollywood actors, writers and directors in the late Forties and early Fifties, Nixon wielded an axe that helped to maimed destroy the reputations and careers of scores of highly talented and creative people such as Dalton Trumbo (author of probably the greatest anti-war horror story, "Johnny Got His Gun," and recently completed as a film), Herbert Biberman and his wife Gale Sondergaard, Abe Burrows, Morris Carnovsky, Dorothy Comins (the "Susan Alexander" of CITIZEN KANE), Howard DeSilva, Jules Dassin (dir. RIFFLE, NEVER ON SUNDAY, etc.), Lillian Hellman and Ring Lardner, Jr., to name a few.

That many of these creative people represented a vital nucleus of intelligent, badly needed by filmmakers at any time, didn't matter. What was then important to Nixon and HUAC was that "typical blacklisted" not personally their totalitarian standards of "clean-cut" Americanism because of "leftist thinking." One-time communist affiliations and their right to dissent.

What is frightening is that these 1984-style persecutions and horrors of 20-odd years ago are generally unknown by a great bulk of younger people. 20 to 24 years ago (the investigations into leftist "thinking" and "unAmericanism" began in '47) could seem like ancient history and the forgotten past to those who are under 35 years old, and even more ancient yet for those under 28.

But the past is inextricably entwined with the present, except for the manipulated masses who are kept from being made aware under programmed arrested development and chronic insecurity. Many of the evils, responsible for sordidness in the past and for laying down the ground rules that have raped and pillaged our planet, are still very much alive though older—and holding greater power.

A brilliant analysis chronicling the above-mentioned atrocities is excellently presented in the new, special issue of Jonas Mekas' FILM CULTURE (no. 50-51 combined).

This giant issue is devoted to "Hollywood On Trial—Report On Blacklisting" etc. As a must, it should be ordered by all who are interested in the film world and the socio-political issues which have affected it. The price is \$2.00 for this issue, or \$4 for a four-issue subscription from: FILM CULTURE, GPO Box 1499, New York, N.Y. 10001.

From witch-hunting and character assassination in the late Forties, Nixon now dons his laurels as arch-Philistine and wears them well by his virtual recognition of Red China today. The reasons: nearly all leading nations have officially recognized and done business with Mao's government for many years. And maybe there's a *back* to be made with one-fourth of the earth's population!

## WELFARE & INTEGRATION FRAUD

Rip-offs head a variety of depravities, mostly by-products of The System. Fundamentally, they include:

The raping of our planet by the Big, Bad Guys. The butchering of innocents and draftees (i.e. CBS-TV's "The Selling of the Pentagon") forced into killing foreigners... all for the sake of a deranged, monstrously huge corporate set-up too degenerate and retarded to innovate other means of "making money."

The entrapment and seduction of the masses is well-planned by The System and its depraved flunkies: the mental perverts and pseudo-liberals who continue encouraging civilization's ruin and the destruction of the Western world's great cities by subsidizing and defending insane urban Welfare Programs, but never militating for the creation of a National Welfare project which would really help the poor and disenfranchised.

Nothing dramatizes more the greatness of a city (and why they're worth saving) even at the risk of one's life than by comparing them with the sterile monotony of most average, far reaching suburbs sprawling throughout the nation.

Long-winded descriptions and reasons are unnecessary, because they're obvious:

Suburban America has become a vast middle-class, uncommunicating compound—a huge ghetto where the loneliness and alienation and latent prejudices are incredible. Farms, natural surroundings and ecology are supreme and should be defended and preserved even by extreme activism of the most militant form, if our planet is to survive. On the other hand, man isn't only a vegetable, and we have derived the most happiness and security from the great creations and achievements of civilization, from the presence of one's fellow men (misadventures, etc. notwithstanding), and from the tremendous vitality and interaction that normally is found only in the greatest by-product of world civilization after thousands of years of hard work: The City!

The sheer horror that the System has brought about is this disease of pseudo-urban Welfare that's very profitably engineering the ruin of cities and the fraud called Integration which masks a host of evil deceptions.

Welfare and Integration have yet to undergo a thorough investigation as one of the most heinous conspiracies ever perpetrated by the architects of the Mass Rip-Off Movement. But it's all there for studying, though overlooked for lack of intelligence or for being a "taboo" issue.

A National Welfare Program could have been created ages ago, but wasn't because The System realized why back it would be highly unprofitable for them if provincial Colonialism were to end and if a strong, healthy middle-class were to develop among poor whites and non-whites, which would happen if honest Welfare was organized to treat social problems on a sane grass-roots level.

Thus ensued the biggest rip-off: Luring in lower-economy groups, particularly non-whites, into the big cities on the false premise that not only Integration was "to be found" and readily available, but that Welfare would relieve most problems "overnight," particularly if "good jobs" were un-

available (which they are) because of one's color, race, etc. Never mentioned, though, was that lack of training and education are vital in getting "good jobs," and that opportunities to gain an education and training were as poor, if not worse, in city ghetto areas!

Exchanging sub-standard living conditions of the Sunny Islands and countryside of the South, the alienated and disenfranchised found another setting infinitely worse, sugarcoted under "Integration and Welfare," with the following increment benefits:

The cancer of hard-drug addiction (a billion dollars a year-plus industry," deeply rooted in ghetto entrapment).

Enlarging ghettos guaranteeing a perpetuation of poverty and illiteracy, thus perpetuating a self-contained urban colonialism where it's next to impossible for a middle-class to develop and get out from under. Here a cheap labor force is available for generations to come, drawn from city stockyard ghettos, though having no fences or barbed wire, they are concentration camps guaranteeing the lowest form of arrested development of its contents from people to gnawing rats, falling plaster and a shockingly low lifetime expectancy.

From the slums and ghettos a crime wave sweeps forth its tidal power, aggravated and inspired by subconscious hostilities harbored by the ripped-off benighted, who may have only a subliminal but nonetheless justifiable and instinctual gut-hatred for the forces bleeding them dead.

The middle-classes, once ensconced in The City, scream "Havoc!" and think they can flee to the safety of suburban Nirvanas, imagining that they're leaving the jungle behind, only to discover late some day that:

Now they are in their own ghetto, in hock as never before, right up to their mod-acrylic wigs. The American Auto Industry, so-called bastion of US Economy and traffic pollution deaths, has more than quadrupled its sales in the last 15 years thanks to the Exodus from the cities.

More housing sold than ever before; more shopping centers; more gadgets for that "every other room and den" in suburbia, including tv sets, refrigerators, extra bathrooms and material values galore, and all in need of repair sooner than expected. Once the Big Sucker middle-class is hooked in suburbia, industries step-up pandering sales pitches; then finance companies and bank branches spread out like a plague, and *voilà!*—the bulk of the country is hopelessly in debt in the old days, though, they could actually save much money when they lived in and around cities and weren't mesmerized into over-buying).

All highly profitable. All as if they had planned it that way... including all the pollution, destruction of environment, growing drug addiction and wasted resources.

Attendant with the Big Rip-Off has come a gradual and fantastic deterioration of goods and services as they now take in more but invest less. Transportation and transit in and out of cities has become a horror; travel in most parts of the country without the good, old "time is valuable, time wasted and frustration beyond belief. Phones are in poor service, and a letter or parcel mailed from a town 15 miles away may take two weeks to arrive or an eternity.

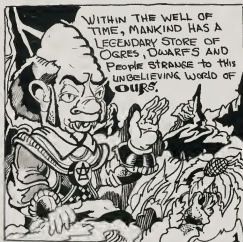
The City meanwhile groans and cries out in despair. Mankind's thousands of years of endeavors are being demolished in less than several generations by an ignorant, rapacious System too retarded to develop intelligent insight.

Perhaps little can be done right away to undo all this; but awareness of its origin and presence is a first and major step towards social reformation and the ending of a mighty colossal rip-off.

(cont. on page 62)

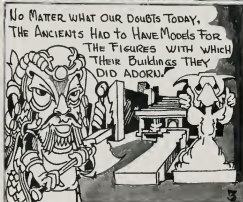
# THE MAGIC OF MEL LAYBOURN



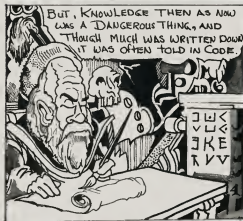


WITHIN THE WELL OF TIME, MANKIND HAS A LEGENDARY STORE OF OGRES, DWARFS AND PEOPLE STRANGE TO THIS UNBELIEVING WORLD OF OURS.

1

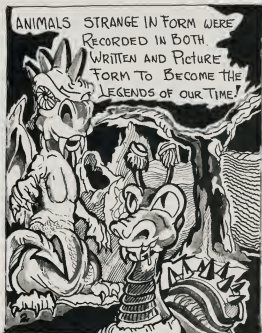


NO MATTER WHAT OUR DOUBTS TODAY, THE ANCIENTS HAD TO HAVE MODELS FOR THE FIGURES WITH WHICH THEIR BUILDINGS THEY DID ADORN.

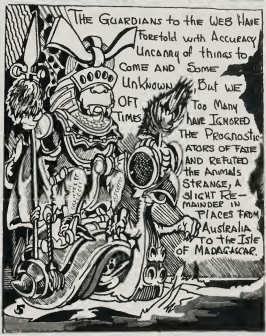


BUT, KNOWLEDGE THEN AS NOW WAS A DANGEROUS THING, AND THOUGH MUCH WAS WRITTEN DOWN IT WAS OFTEN TOLD IN CODE.

4




ANIMALS STRANGE IN FORM WERE RECORDED IN BOTH WRITTEN AND PICTURE FORM TO BECOME THE LEGENDS OF OUR TIME!



THE GUARDIANS TO THE WEB HAVE FORETOLD WITH ACCURACY UNCAVARY OF THINGS TO COME AND SOME UNKNOWN, BUT WE OFTEN TOO MANY HAVE IGNORED THE PROGNOSTICATORS OF FATE AND REFUTED THE ANIMALS STRANGE, A SLIGHT REMAINDER IN PLACES FROM AUSTRALIA TO THE ISLE OF MADAGASCAR.


5




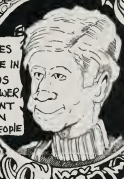
MYTHICAL  
WARRIORS  
GUARD the  
World of  
Fantasy and  
Fact from Each  
OTHER, though  
NOT always a  
SUCCESS.



IN TIMES most Ancient the  
TROUBADOR AND MINSTREL  
Prolonged the Factual  
Telling of TALES!



THE ONLY ONES  
WHO CAN LIVE IN  
BOTH WORLDS  
WITH THE POWER  
OF INNOCENT  
IMAGINATION  
ARE YOUNG PEOPLE



The Tales Imaginative  
Horror are Fun To  
Some and Terror  
To Others

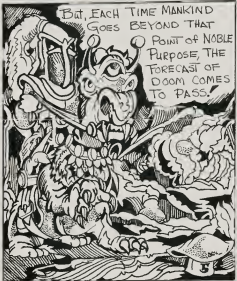


KNOWLEDGE DEEP HAS BEEN  
DECLARED A FORBIDDEN  
KNOWLEDGE FOR MUCH  
OF MANKIND  
BEYOND HIS OWN  
UNSEEING  
WORLD.

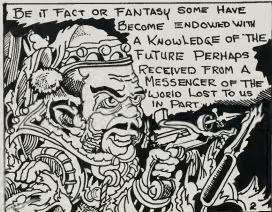


SOME WERE SCORND AND DEFAMED,  
BUT STILL OTHERS LIKE NOSTRADAMUS  
AND OTHERS OF EQUAL FAME TOLD  
OF THINGS TO COME, EVEN FROM  
THE GRAVE WERE PROVEN RIGHT  
WHEN IN THE GRAVE WAS FOUND A DATE.

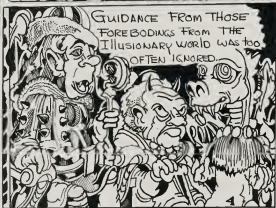
BUT, EACH TIME MANKIND  
GOES BEYOND THAT  
POINT OF NOBLE  
PURPOSE, THE  
FORECAST OF  
DOOM COMES  
TO PASS.



BE IT FACT OR FANTASY SOME HAVE  
BECOME ENDOWED WITH  
A KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
FUTURE PERHAPS  
RECEIVED FROM A  
MESSENGER OF THE  
WORLD LOST TO US  
IN PART.



GUIDANCE FROM THOSE  
FOREBODINGS FROM THE  
ILLUSIONARY WORLD WAS TOO  
OFTEN IGNORED.



SO THE GHOSTIES AND THE GHOULIES  
ARE BUT MESSENGERS AND WATCHERS  
TO JUDGE THE FATE OF THOSE IN WHOM  
THE TRUE FAITH OF MANKIND LIES!  
THEIR ABODE IS A WONDEROUS PLACE  
NOT UNLIKE A REAL SHANGRI-LA!





# SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY



With the economy in a recession and major film companies cutting back in both personnel and production, auctioning props and reissuing films, the entire motion picture industry is indeed in dire straits. The most promising news for the fantasy fan and fanatic does not concern the silver screen, but the "glass teat," as Harlan Ellison so aptly puts it.

Rod Serling's supernatural tv series has been given the NBC green light as a regular weekly show this fall. Six episodes were seen last season as part of the **FOUR IN ONE** pilot show. When **NIGHT GALLERY** returns, it's possible that some scripts will come from established fantasy writers, as Serling has previously stated, "There's not enough money in the world to make a guy over forty (he's forty-seven) go through the grind of a weekly series." Previously Serling has kept busy making some heavy coin with a multitude of tv commercials and narrating documentaries. "The only reason I do it is for the buck. There's no creative kick or because there's some ham in me. It's easy work, that's all." Serling does have some strict standards as he nixes cigarette and patent medicine ads.

Currently, keep on the lookout for a repeat this summer of "They're Tearing Down Tim Riley's Bar," an excellent **NIGHT GALLERY** episode employing a familiar Serling theme: a protagonist transcending time while attempting to recapture his lost youth.

Vincent Price will take time off from cooking, commercials and creeping through AIPlots for a college lecture tour. The subject will be "The Villain Still Pursues Me"—anecdotes on horror films included. His latest is AIP's **DR. PHIBES** with Joseph Cotton and Peter Cushing. (For jolly good **PHIBES** they shoulda added the Beach Boys.).....Cotton has also been picked for **MADAME**



Scene from "El Trono Di Fuoco" (Throne of Fire) by Spanish director Jess Franco, who again shows his predilection for horror and suspense in a film dealing with the violent days of the Inquisition in which Christopher Lee plays the Grand Inquisitor intent on exterminating a formidable quota of witches.

**FRANKENSTEIN**, which isn't about Women's Liberation..... Peter Cushing recently withdrew from Hammer's **BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB** due to his wife's death. Andrew Keir will replace him. Seth Holt, the director, also died while the film was in progress. Hammer claims this will be the first film in which a Hammer hero is killed off. Worth reading is recent **FILMS IN REVIEW** article, "The Horror of Hammer.".....Watch for **ALL HOLLOW'S EVE, EASY VAMPIRE, WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WEREWOLF, SIMON-KING OF THE WITCHES, DRACULA'S CASTLE OR WILL THE REAL COUNT DRACULA STAND UP? AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS**.....Columbia will release **HELP, HELP, THE GLOBOLINKS**, a musical produced by Ray Stark of **FUNNY GIRL** fame. Globolinks are space creatures who invade the earth making electronic sounds.....Alfred Hitchcock is back at Universal with **FRENNY**, which might recreate the impact and boxoffice appeal of **PSYCHO**. It's from a novel published 12 years ago about a multiple murderer.....Curtis Harrington (**NIGHTTIDE**) will produce **CADAVER** from his own screenplay.....Bert I. Gordon (**VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS**), whose most recent films were in the sex genre, returns to fantasy with **TOY**



Above: Bulle-Ogier in Barstier's TRAP, shown earlier in the year in the Fantasy and Terror Festival at Sitges, Spain. It's based on a story by playwright Fernando Arrabal who also acts in the film. Below: Jason Robards plays the role of Matthew South in FOOLS. Reminiscent of Lugosi's career, South is a one-time great whose career has narrowed to B horror flicks.

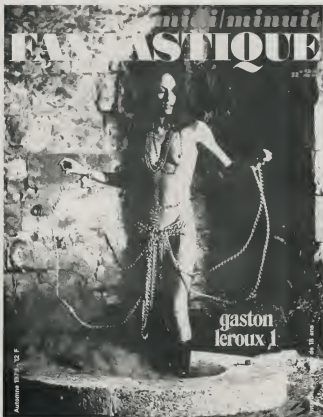


FACTORY. Orson Welles heads the cast. Story deals with modern witchcraft and the occult.....The coveted Jean Luc Godard Hommage Award for Titles goes to the upcoming FLESH GORDON. Buster Crabbe recently appeared with other vine swingers on the Merv Griffin show in a salute to Tarzan.....MUNCH AUSEN, THE INCREDIBLE BARON is an epic adventure tale based on the life of the world's most extraordinary teller of tall tales and filled with special fx. Karol Zeman's marvelous Czech film about the Baron a few years ago won many awards.....Sean Connery has conned United Artists out of a cool million for his return as 007 in DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER. There's a strong possibility he'll be aided by Raquel Welch.....While ABC will shutter DARK SHADOWS, producer Dan Curtis will not remain dormant. Since his HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS was such a moneymaker, a sequel is now underway. This will be followed by a remake of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, utilizing fresh and revamped material from Curtis' two-hour tv version. MGM will release.....JOURNEY BACK TO OZ is an animated film with the voices of Liza Minnelli (daughter of original OZ star, Judy Garland), Margaret Hamilton (recreating her original role), Danny Thomas, Milton Berle, Mickey Rooney, Mel Blanc.....Coming attractions: THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW, BEAST IN THE CELLAR, CARNIVAL OF BLOOD, HEADLESS HUSBAND, VALLEY OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN (with Ultra Violet of Warhol fame), WITCH STORY (without Ali McGraw), BRAIN OF FRANKENSTEIN and THE SECRET SEX LIFE OF DRACULA.....

Kevin Doolan playing the title role in DE SADE adds to his career another strange and offbeat role since DAVID & LISA, and 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.







Want to know how to get Europe's leading magazine of visual fantasy and surrealism? Back issues of **MIDI-MINUIT FANTASTIQUE** (shown above) no. 9 through 23 are available from: **Le Terrain Vague**, 14-16 Rue de Vernueil, Paris 7e, France. \$Fantasy film shots and the art work they run are fantastique indeed! Also, request their mailing lists and catalogs which are in gorgeous colors—even these are stunning. Below are shots from **LO STRANO VIZIO DELLA SIGNORA WARD**, a violent story of passion reminiscent of Fritz Lang's terrifying "M". Raindrops keep falling on the heads of Edwige Fenech and Ivan Rassimov. The film is directed by Sergio Martino



#### MAD, AVE AND THE MACABRE:

And now we interrupt this film news for a word from our sponsor (signaling a Pavlov response for refrigerator read or bathroom break): Yesterday's banal commercials now border on fantasy and the future. Combining special fx and makeup, they exemplify ingenuity and imagination. The boobtob has now, in certain instances, become the beautiful tube, as reflected by the following....

Size seems to be a big factor in many commercials which sport a mini-LAND OF THE GIANTS theme. A small boy towers over his neighborhood after gulping down a few Kellogg's Corn Flakes. He rots on the school bus as the local kids flee in fright. The result is a very interesting effect. A Xerox commercial features a man standing on a giant blowup of a million dollar contract and its copy. Ranch Style Beans also promote their product in a big way; live actors impersonate the beans companion foods. An actress is costumed as a hamburger while an Englishman named Sir Loin is wrapped up in a steak. A large plate and peppershaker complement the kingly beef. Several seasons ago, Alka Seltzer employed actors to impersonate giant fruits and vegetables plus other incompatible foods. Cartoonist R.O. Blechman animated a talking stomach for Alka Seltzer and the dynamic Wallace Wood (currently involved in a return to the pages of MAD and launching KUL!, a new Marvel title) storyboarded an Alka Seltzer commercial in which a group of militant vegetables marched across the bed like a battlefield to attack a pajama-clad overnorter.

2000: A SPACE ODYSSEY has opened up new vistas now that Sara Lee has used it to push their cakes. Also, Eastern Airlines borrowed "The Dawn of Man" for their "Wings of Man" commercial. "It really says nothing, but in a most beautiful way," says one industry trade paper. A giant hand clutching a Vu-Tac Lighter rings of the Kubrick touch. As electronic music begins, the lighter floats through space similar to the slab.

Other to commercials are truly a mixed bag of media merchandising. Wohl Shoes take us to a Marat/Sade type asylum with inmates making Wohl Monster Shoes and Draculas stepping out of a coffin. "Basic black—lots of people wouldn't



**CHAMBER OF HORRORS** — Leta Banks in ghastly Gothic castle duopact-torture actioner.

**CHAMBER HORRORS**

**HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR** — Great scenes from Phantom of the Opera, Hunchback of Notre Dame and The Cat and the Canary.

**HORROR HIGH**

**THE VAMPIRE BAT** — Unlabeled Animal will use a hand who uses the evil powers of his mind to terrify others.

**VAMPIRE BAT**

**MIDNIGHT WAX MUSEUM**

**MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** — Learn the true meaning of horror! Alone at night in the frightening wax museum!

**DINOSAURUS** — Two prehistoric monsters battle to the death! (Available in Super 8.)

**WERE WOLF**

**THE WEREWOLF** — Human brain, human body, human cunning... in the body of a bloodthirsty beast! (Available in Super 8.)

**FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** — Harold Lloyd Jr. stars as a modern Dr. Frankenstein, spreading terror throughout early Hitler!

**MASTER OF TERROR** — Robert Lansing goes mad, then uses a secret formula to walk through walls and commit murder! (Available in Super 8.)

**REVENGE OF**

**THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** — The infamous Baron Frankenstein creates a terrifying creature... and his patients turn on him in a frenzy of revenge! (Available in Super 8.)

**CURSE OF THE DEMON** — Jacques Tourneur's classic about a devil-worshipping cult which evokes a strange and macabre monster. (Available in Super 8.)

**THE GIANT CLAW** — A bird's nest from the prehistoric past attempts to destroy the world! (Available in Super 8.)

**THE BLOB** — Steve McQueen in the story of a creepy, creepy from outer space! Nothing can stop it! (Available in Super 8.)

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**BATMAN OF AFRICA** — Clyde Beatty encounters lions, savages and the flying Batmen only to be caught in an earthquake. (Available in Super 8.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> DINOSAURUS              | <input type="checkbox"/> THE BLOB                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE WEREWOLF            | <input type="checkbox"/> BATMAN OF AFRICA        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER | <input type="checkbox"/> MY SON THE VAMPIRE      |
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Left— British poster-ad using simply one word for Hammer's US-Canadian titled **THE HORROR OF DRACULA** (1958). Above— Yvonne Mitchell as "Vashu" in the BBC-TV version of E.M. Forster's **THE MACHINE STOPS** teleplayed in 1966. Below left— MGM publicity for **7 FACES OF DR. LAO** showing "Medusa Cut" by Wendy Lou Taylor and Tony Rendell in one of his 7 Faces as Medusa.

be caught dead without it," is part of the pun-filled dialogue. This is one commercial with lots of soul. A man of the future is featured in the Cheer Detergent commercial. He materializes in STAR TREK fashion. Moon men out for a Sunday drive on the luna surface sell Shell Oil with little green men makeup employed. Watch for a new men's cosmetic called Dorian Grey.

Call it camp or just plain commercialism, but KING KONG is making a comeback in advertising. A fair maiden is asked, "Why does Almond Joy bar come in two pieces?" "So I can share it," she replies. "There's a piece for me and a piece for my friend." A giant ape gets his piece by reaching through her bedroom window after which his monstrous hand tickles her chin.

KING is also king in a few magazine ads. A spectacular two-page color ad in NEWSWEEK is headlined, "Don't monkey around." He's high on the Empire State Building in pseudo-Peter Max pop style. Clutching a blond beauty while fighting an array of airplanes, his fanged mouth and blaring eyes add to the realism. KING was also resurrected by Puerto Rican Rum in TIME (May 10). A large ape fist grasps a frightened feminist through a frightened window as her boyfriend tries to free her. "Ron Rico? Didn't his girl have a strange animal magnetism?" reads the headline.

Ron Rico returns in TIME (July 6) with the following: "Ron Rico? Wasn't he the Hunchback of Notre Dame? Or was he the hunchback? A grotesque hunchback holds the heroine."

Frankenstein under florescent lighting was recently seen in LIFE as part of General Telephone & Electronics two-page color spread. "Flourescent lights used to make



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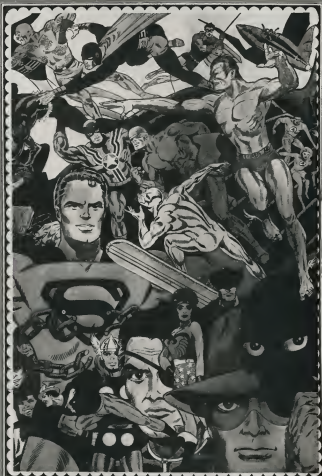
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WHEN WOMEN HAD A TAIL stars Senta Berger, found all over this page. Story's about prehistoric times: seven babies are carried out to sea in a straw-like basket and are tossed upon a desert island. Surviving and becoming men, they float off on a tree trunk to explore the world, only to get washed up on another island, a verdant paradise—and Senta with a tail! Complications ensue as all the guys want her, of course, since it's 7 horny men and with only one place to go. This prehistoric romp is directed by Pasquale Campanile.



## senta berger

Unquestionably one of film's most gorgeous young actresses, voluptuous Senta Berger is also brainy and well cultivated in other areas, too. She learned her art in the tradition of Max Reinhardt's school at the famed Josefstadt Theatre in Vienna. TIME magazine, however, acclaimed her as "The distilist thing out of Vienne since Weiner Scheitzel."

Starting out in ballet at age three, Senta gained membership in the Reinhardt Seminar, the German equivalent of Strasberg's Actors Studio, and after finishing her studies she went on accepting every offered role at Reinhardt's Josefstadt Theatre. At 18, after being in four German flicks, she met Richard Widmark in Vienna who was casting for a leading lady.

"When first meeting Richard, I had my hair in braids, eating an ice cream cone [!] and riding a bicycle. He was looking for a girl to play the part of an experienced woman in his film THE SECRET WAYS. I certainly didn't look the part; but with a change of clothes and proper makeup," Senta explained, "I got my first big break and my first American film."

Subsequently, Senta signed up for Carl Foreman's THE VICTORS, followed by MAJOR DUNDEE with Charlton Heston and Richard Harris.

She speaks German, English, French and Italian fluently. By 24, she had over 30 film credits, mostly German.

"The European film is a very different product from American cinema. Many German films I've been in were very successful but unsuitable for export. When I do an American film, it's promoted the world over. Quite a difference," says Senta. "The type of pictures that used to show only in the art houses to a very limited public are now big boxoffice successes. Foreign dramatic actors and actresses are winning recognition here. Is it that more intelligent people are going to cinemas now than in the past? Or are more people turning off their TV sets to go out in search of something different and challenging? It seems to me they are and that through films we are finally achieving a real exchange of ideas on an international level."

Senta now has a multiple film contract with Columbia and with Warner Brothers. These keep her commuting, she says with a big beautiful smile, between Hollywood and her home in Lucerne, Switzerland. Last year she appeared in AIP's DE SADE. — That's Senta over on the right, doing her thing. Right on, baby!





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Vincent Price is...

**Dr. PHIBES**



everyone look terrible." is part of the copy. The makeup looks original and must have been very time consuming. Ads for Kotex napkins show two women of the future in space suits and helmets. Union Carbide is using four-color comic ads to promote its Group I chemicals and plastics. The series will appear in MODERN PLASTICS, PLASTICS WORLD and other trade publications. . . . A special comic book featuring ELASH GORDON is also being issued by Union Carbide. . . . Try to catch the Ritz Cracker tv commercial with Elisha Cook. While not in the fantasy field, any brief appearance by Cook is always a treat (he was unforgettable in THE MALTESE FALCON, THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, and in Kubrick's THE KILLING, among a few of his many film roles).

And now back to our regularly scheduled film news program!

The occult is such big business that producers are buying fantasy novels from galley proofs before publication.

THE EXCORCIST by William Blatty (who's recently made tv guest rounds on Cavett, etc.) is due soon from Harper and Rowe and studio cameras. Author Ray Russell (MR. SARDONICUS) is suing those involved claiming that EXCORCIST infringes on his 1962 novel, "The Case Against Satan." Both books deal with the Catholic rite of exorcism used to cast out a devil from the body of a young virgin or one who seems "possessed."

Amicus productions will be unleashing ROMEO AND JULIET—1971, subtitled "A Gentle Tale Of Sex, Violence, Corruption and Murder." . . . Charlton Heston's wife is the official still photographer on Heston's I AM LEGEND from Warner Brothers. This is probably the third filming in ten years of the Richard Matheson classic, AIP's LAST MAN ON EARTH the best known; and though difficult to believe, Jean Luc Godard

claims that his ALPHAVILLE was "inspired" by the Matheson book.

Aida Young, one of the few femme producers around, is becoming an old hand at horror. Her latest will be Hammer's HANDS OE THE RIPPER. . . . Sanguinary Shenanigans Dept.: Chevron Pictures recently purchased the British made DOCTORS WIAR SCARLET for US distribution, retitling it BLOOD SUCKERS. Surprisingly some prudent papers are reluctant to use the word "blood" in movie ads and will probably change the above either to SCARLET SUCKERS or, we hope, to SCARLET SEEKERS. George Stowers BLACK ORACLE (Box 2301, Baltimore, Md. 21203—3 issues for \$1) indicates that MAD DOCTOR OE BLOOD ISLAND, and BLOOD DEMON were changed to "crimson," while BLOOD OE DRACULA'S CASTLE was re-named RED OE—etc.

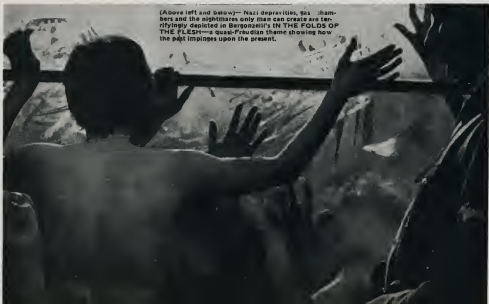
Tiny Tim will tiptoe through LOVE, AMERICAN STYLE in the episode "Love and the Vamps" with Judy Carne and Robert Reed—can be seen in re-runs. . . . ABC's Movie Of The Week will feature Barbara Stanwyck in the horror tale, AMMIE COME HOME. . . . THE GUARDIANS, an s-f flick, will also be on ABC.

One of the greatest SEantasy film festivals in the USA will occur in 1973 if Dallas, Texas, wins the bid for a World's Science Fiction Convention. Over 35 films are planned, including WAR OE THE WORLDS, EORBITED PLANET, DELUGE, THINGS TO COME and 2001, in addition to a few surprises. The Dallascon Committee has been issuing a free subscription for several years to its Dallascon Bulletin, one of the finest semi-pro fanmags alive. To be on the list, write c/o: Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080.

The 1971 SE WorldCon is meanwhile

(continued page 62)

(Above left and below)—Nazi depravities, sex chambers and nightmares only man can create are terrifyingly depicted in Bergonzelli's IN THE FOLDS OF THE FLESH—a quasi-Freudian theme showing how the past impinges upon the present.



# Letters

DINA SORES, ET AL.

Dear Cal:

The Bloch interview (CoF no. 16) is very good so far. Nice to see a guy have the courage and complete confidence to admit that he enjoys entertaining people, rather than showing them with "art." You offer a fine array of photos, too.

Danforth's FX for WHEN DINOSAURS RULED were superb, and ambitious, but I still prefer Harryhausen. In spite of Danforth's impressive solo, he has some ways to go before equalling H's track record. (Though I'm sure Danforth, who is very self-effacing and intelligent, would never boast otherwise, though he probably has greater wonders to unfold.) His DINOSAURS matte paintings were truly stunning, superb pieces of art. As a friend of mine said, they almost succeeded in evoking the heady romanticism of KONG. (Danforth's matte paintings for EQUINOX were far and away the best things about that film.)

The VAMPIRE LOVERS and YORGA blurbs were unnecessary. No one is twisting your arm to review every new piece of junk AIP and its cheapie subsidiaries bestow (or should I just say unload) on us. Of course, Joe Dante's artful barbs are always welcome, since they're almost always deserved, but these photo features are a drag.

But I was little disappointed in reading Dante's review of DARK SHADOWS, inasmuch as he seemed to like it. Sure, it was sometimes fun, but so is watching highschool drama. DS is strictly homebone alley, with overtones of camp sometimes so odoriferous as to warrant it being blasted off the air. [ Ah, but compare it with the usual paternity all over Daytime TV and dominating much evening time!—ctb.]

I'm looking forward to the Filmusic piece



Address all mail to GOTHIC CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

## Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOWRSKI





Send \$1.00 to Prometheus Enterprises, 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95127, for Jim Vandebooncar & Al Davoren's ezine. Not one of, but the best we've seen. Work by Rick Griffin, Robert Crumb, Frank Frazetta, et al.

with great relish. Hope you'll include a few good photos of the composers discussed—really swell if you have shots which aren't just portraits but, rather, good behind-the-scenes stuff you're famous for. Also, delighted to see you tackling Harryhausen at last. Creis Reardon, 1906 Espanade, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

Actually, we felt too little of *VAMPIRE LOVERS* and *YORGA* was given in *CoF* 16. Based on many enthusiastic reports and a few decent press reviews, it was obligatory to run at least one page per film. There was much trouble obtaining shots of film music composers this issue; we trust this will soon be remedied in another issue with a little help from our friends.—CTB.

#### UNSUNG HERO DEPT.

Dear Editor Beck:

From reading every word in your splendid mag, I've concluded that you have an outstanding research dept. So, there is this one guy, an actor, whom I don't see these days but who always in horror or horror-comedy. Though I have all kinds of reference material I can't locate any pictures of him. His name is Milton Parsons. He has big, round eyes, is bald and is mostly seen as a "butler." In *THE MONSTER* that "CHALLENGED THE WORLD" he played the role of Lewis Clark Dobbs. It would be a great favor to me if info was available on his other screen credits and if photos of him were shown. I really like actor. Who knows, perhaps others remember Mr. Parsons, too.

Thanks also for a very great article, *TARGETS* (CoF no. 15) with King Boris. It was a great and fitting tribute to *The Kings*. Gary S. Johnston, Townhouse Apt's No. 823, Shreveport, La. 71101.

#### SFANTASY FILMS RELEVANT

Dear Sirs:

*CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN* has to be the best multi-media and SFantasy publication in business. Barring none, I've continued to watch it grow from a very promising mag some years ago to a genuine SFantasy mag, devoid of sub-standard juvenile writing and rotten puns.

Of all the features in *CoF*, I like the *HEAD-TO-TO-TO* best. It reads like some of the best SFazines (the amateur fan press), and many of the fazines today display more worthwhile reading than thousands of the general-media magazines. I believe there is a great need for commentary on the scene today. The screens (movie and tv), the newists and all other media are suffering from diseases of pop and cheap sex. And the general masses accept it as quality, even handing out Awards to performers of dubious value (i.e. Goldie Hawn). It's time for responsible people to speak up. By responsible, I am not

referring to TIME, NEWSWEEK and the Spin Agnews but to those who know what they're talking about.

I believe *CoF* has shown itself as one of the responsible ones. Beck beautifully moves through filmdom to comics, touching many fields all at once. *CoF*, as I see it, is first a film magazine. But it is also a magazine of social comment. Science fiction has always dealt with social problems; even fantasy films, while weaving stories many find implausible, relate to human nature—that side of human nature we sometimes hate to admit is there. They personify our fears of the unknown, or fears of those who might be different from us. Therefore, SF and fantasy films are social comment. I believe *CoF* captures this in its editorial content.

Only one big gripe I have, which I'm sure you would like to end. The irregularity of publication. As *CoF* now stands, it can only become better. I wish you continuous publishing success. Dick Miller, 326 Winchester St., Deatur, Indiana 46733.

As political aspirants say these days, "We have no intention of running for a higher political office," but thank anyhow. Here's one: *Get Boss Jim W. Getty* yet, however (they say that Gettys, wherever you are?). Seriously, everything in the universe relates to everything else. And one of the greatest horror films is *EASY RIDER* because it personifies real horrors all over the country, even down the block, or next door.—CTB.

#### PRISONER/STAR TREK FREAK

Dear Mr. Beck:

Having been hooked on *CoF* since no. 13 and as one of those STAR TREK freaks, I've really appreciated the coverage you have given it. I go to Wisconsin State University at Stevens Point where, every day at 3:30, the local STAR TREK group gathers to watch you-know-what. We don't bother wasting our time deciding whether or not it is the best tv series ever. We just sit back and enjoy it.

I was pleased to see that you plan an article on *THE PRISONER*. When it was on during the summers of 1968-69, I put together a file (dialogue, guest stars, etc.) on this fascinating show. Since then I've been looking for other material on it but until now it's been limited. Hopefully *CoF* will rectify that situation. I'd just like to say, "Keep up the good work." Yours is the best in the field.

Michael O'Connor, 406 7th St., Mosinee, Wis. 54455.

#### MICHAEL RIPPER

Dear CoF:

Can you or your readers provide me bio and career information of British character actor Michael Ripper? He has been closely associated with Hammer films for many years. Here is a partial list of his credits:

- 1955: *The Sea Shall not have them* (UA); *The Intruder* (Assoc.); *Secret Venture* (Rep.); *Four Against Fate* (Assoc.).
- 1956: *We George* (Times); *Richard III* (Lopert); *1984* (Col.); *Blonde Sinner* (AIA).
- 1957: *X The Unknown* (WB); *Enemy From Space* (UA); *Woman in a Dressing Gown* (WB).
- 1958: *Steel Bayonet* (UA); *Up The Creek* (Col.); *Dangerous Youth* (WB); *The Reverse of Frankenstein* (Col.); *Camp On Blood Island* (Col.); *Blue Murder At St. Trinian's* (Cont.).
- 1959: *The Mummy* (Univ.).
- 1964: *Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* (Col.); *Pirates of Blood River* (Col.).
- 1966: *Plague of the Zombies* (20th); *The Reptile* (20th); *Howe Bullets Fly* (Embassy).
- 1967: *The Mummy's Shroud* (20th); *The Deadly Beam* (Par.).
- 1968: *Torture Garden* (Col.); *The Lost Continent* (20th); *Inspector Clouseau* (UA).
- 1969: *Oracula* *He Risen From The Grave* (WB).
- 1970: *Taste the Blood of Oracula* (WB); *Moon Zero Two* (WB); *Girly* (C.R.C.); *Richard M. Wesley*, 833 10th St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90403.

One of the finest character actors ever, Michael Ripper has certainly not received the recognition and praise he deserves. Many a British film would be poorer without him. A story-photo layout on him is now under preparation. For the present, though, he was born around 1925; appeared on stage and did *Shakespeare in Brit.*; resides near London. Some of his other films: *Captain Boycott* (1948); *Treasure Hunt* (1952); *The Belles of St. Trinian's* (1954); *The Brides of Oracula* (1960); *The Night Creatures* (1962).—CTB.

#### A CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Dear Sirs:

Could you please produce me a leviathan necklace called *ada noga*, four-headed dragon snake, 8-ball that foretells the future, a Mayan with a golden skeleton head on top or black metal gungwong sticks—they are made of very heavy black plastic 12 to a set. A wolf head made of silver on top of a black wood dress case, silver tip on the bottom of the cane. Black vampire clamps to be sewn on material voodoo dolls: Actor pose of Jonathan Frid, if you know anybody who can do this, please send me their full name, address, and phone. The publisher's company says you can do this. May I please find if you can do this or not. Thank you. Florence Morgan, P.O. Box 124, 151 West Maine St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

Sounds like Port Jervis could be a real swinging town. Well but afraid the answer is NO!! The publishers' co. has no right telling you all that—those are my working tools. How else do you think we can keep on putting out *CoF*?—CTB.

#### WELLES & OTHERS

Dear CoF:

Here are some suggestions for future issues. I saw about doing an article on Orson Welles? Including *CITIZEN KANE* and the 1938 *WAR OF THE WORLDS* broadcast, of course. The article should be done in the same manner as the one on Jacques Cousteau in CoF no. 5. It is such type of competent, well-done CoF-style material your competitor primarily lacks.

Any chance you could publish a portfolio of fine works of Hannes Bok, Virgil Finley and Sit John as well as some biographical info on them? A checklist of their published works would also be appreciated. I'm also looking forward to your article on *THE PRISONER*. This program was one of the best series in fantasy that I've ever had, along with *TWILIGHT ZONE*, *OUTER LIMITS* and *STAR TREK*. I hope your article will do it justice.

By the way, who drew the top of the letters page in issue no. 16?

I agree with reader Tom Lowe about your constant references to grass and Nixon-Agnew. I know that this is done obviously to gain the readership of many leftwingers and the heads who would not read a monster mess, but let's cut it out, O.K.? There are already plenty of underground newspapers and comics that can criticize the administration better. So stick to the field you handle best: fantasy movie and books. John Kent, 2708 Canfield Ave., Los Angeles 90034.

As we've said before, everything in life and throughout the Universe is interrelated, from Roger Corman in *H'wood* to a Vietnamese man getting ripped-off while working on his rice paddy. CoF's position is *IMAGINATION* which is totally dependent on the escalation of man's consciousness and power of awareness. Inasmuch as Nixon-Agnew, pot, etc. are alien, important issues, "constant references" to them would be impossible, since there are so many other things in life. Just because one enjoys sex, films or rds doesn't mean one's into them each day for 24 hours. It's important to limit one's intelligence and consciousness.

Fantasy artist Charles Ludwig did last issue's letter page heading.—CTB.

(cont. on page 58)

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## FREAKS

Dear Cal:

Re: CoF 16. First off, the Slay-Mate-of-the-month is a total waste of an entire page. The space following the Bloch interview could perhaps have been better used with a reprint of an old Bloch classic (I had "Feast in the Abbey" in mind). Also very disappointed with the final part of the History of The Horror Film. Though small print was used, certainly films of the 40s and 30s deserved more than four pages of print and stills!

And to give FREAKS dismissed as "revolting and tasteless." Brown's introductory statement to the film should have finished all such criticism forty years ago. And what about DARK EYES OF LONDON, THE DEAD OF NIGHT, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (March and Tracy), etc., etc. Not even a word! I would have been perfectly willing to read through 20 installments for a really complete and detailed history of the genre [okay, already; we're now preparing something like that; indeed something colossal that'll probably begin sometime in '72—ctb].

On the plus side, I agree 100% with your Headliner and couldn't disagree more with Tom Lowe's comments. If he would have CoF ignore questions that affect us all, it would be just as easy for him to ignore disturbing editorials. For my part, I'm glad to see an intelligent and coherent fantasy magazine take an intelligent and coherent position on such an important question as the South-East Asian war. Keep, etc., faith! Henry Platsky, 38 Clark St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

## SLAYMATES FOREVER

Dear CoF editors:

A horror movie without a heroine is like watching ORACULA without Oracula. You've had article after article on male horror stars (Karloff, Lugosi, etc.) but what about the women? The men, granted, usually carried the horror films, portraying the monsters, mad scientists, or some deformed human monstrosity. But they were all usually after one thing—either Fay Wray or Evelyn Ankers (I Right On!—etc.).

Thanks to Shock Theatre, one can study the body of work contributed to the horror film by Miss Ankers who was often billed by Universal as "The Queen of Horror." And she could really act, too. Note her performances in THE WOLF MAN — WEIRO WOMAN. Ah — THE SON OF ORACULA — GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN — SHERLOCK HOLMES & THE VOICE OF TERROR — THE MAO GHUL — CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN — JUNGLE WOMAN — INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE — HOLO THAT GHOST, etc.

And there were other women who played strong parts, too: Maria Ouspenskaya in THE WOLF MAN, THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, TARZAN & THE AMAZONS. Acquaintance: CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, EVELYN ANKERS, TARZAN & THE LEPARD WOMAN, etc.

And what about Lionel Atwill, George Zucco and Martin Kosleck (who played in several of the Mummy movies and in HOUSE OF HORROR with Rondo Hatton and Virginia Grey)?

Give the women some credit, boys. Especially Miss ANKERS who is now married to Richard (CREATURE FROM THE BLACK

LAGOON) Denning. Don't continue neglecting those valiant horror gals of yesteryear.

Your mag is so wonderful, but when in hell does it come out? Once a year or bi-monthly as it says on the contents page? Jerry Tillotson, 1227 S. Perry St., apt. E, Montgomery, Alabama.

An article we called SCREAM QUEENS was planned long ago; it may be used soon. But hasten to point out that gals like Fay and Evelyn were part of the "classical triangle" basic plot theory, and in the context of SF/horror, it's femmes mostly of Agneta, Barbara Steele's, Barbara Shelley's and Allison Hays' meter who were counterparts of Karloff, Chaney and Lugosi. Wray, Ankers, Mae Clark and Helen Chandler were in their films with Norman Kerry. David Manners, Buster Crabbe were in their own right. Heroes and Heroines for the most part. —CTB.

## A CONVERT

Dear Editors:

I used to buy the "other" monster mag for years, but quit because all they ever had was Frankenstein (sorry!), Vampires, Werewolves and the like. On first seeing CoF, I felt I had to buy it (lucky I had change in my pocket).

I enjoy your articles which help in the understanding of films, articles on those you featured on 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY — a wonderful film with superb visual effects (the ending blew my mind).

Seeing FAHRENHEIT 451, it's very hard to imagine a society without books: interesting knowing of Bradbury's views on other subjects in your interview (CoF 13). 451 was superb (I have 3 movie ratings: ech, good, and superb). Recalling PLANET OF THE APES (superb), I would have been disappointed if I hadn't seen the film first, since the original book's ending was much better. I wondered how they made it so that the apes mouths moved in so many different shapes. One of the best examples of makeup ever!

I love most of your other features like Latest Film News, the Letters section and Headliner. I refuse to knock any articles that I didn't like or care to read, because I know that you have to try and satisfy all of your readers, and if you can do this with just a few articles that I don't like, MORE POWER TO YOU!!!

Don Nihoul, 209 Canis Dr.W., Orange Park, Florida.

On a final but quite IMPORTANT NOTE.

We're getting lots of other type of mail: Letters from a lot of people saying they never see CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN in their area. Now, we KNOW all about where CoF does appear, for the most part, but YOUR written-in complaint of non-distribution is VERY important to us (how else can we hope to one day sell a million copies per issue and come out more frequently, eh?). But you've gotta make certain that it's not a case of mistaken surveillance and that you just didn't happen to miss CoF a few days too late. This would be unkind to all concerned.

With kindest regards to all of you —

— Calvin T. Beck —



The above photo of an old time movie house tells, as they say, ten thousand words and untold stories of nostalgia. But the past is NOT gone forever. Now, return with us to those bygone days of yesteryear where, from out of the past, come the thundering hoofbeats of the Great Horse Silver. And not only Silver, but Flash Gordon's and Buck Roger's rocketships.

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the famous detective. Entertaining little thriller with some eerie moments. Lloyd Nolan, Marjorie Weaver, Henry Nicholson, Leroy Mason.

**MARK OF THE GORILLA (88 min; Col., 1959).** Jungle tale and the Native American menacing gorillas as Nazi henchmen. Why torture yourself? Johnny Weismuller, Tudy Marshall.

**MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS (78 min; MGM, 1934).** Unusual bizarre blend of fantasy-horror and comedy in charming film version of Victor Herbert operetta with Laurel and Hardy as bumbling toy soldiers. Eddi 'Barnaby' with army of giant toy soldiers. Dated, antiquated songs, but story incorporates many fairy tales and features much more fantasy atmosphere than the lackluster Disney 1954 remake. Also titled *BABES IN TOYLAND*. Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight.

**MARK OF THE VAMPIRE (61 min; MGM, 1935).** Sentimentalists that we are, we've all forgiven Tod Browning for the ludicrous ending since this classic remake of his Chaney vehicle *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT* offers some of the most interesting and chilling vampire doings of the 30s, and is stylistically better than many of Browning's earlier films, including *DRACULA*. Occultist Lionel Barrymore indicts vampires as behind murder at gloomy estate, fine performances, great cast and James Wong Howe photography, plenty of cowbells. Lionel Atwill, Jean Hersholt, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi, Carol Borland.

**MARQUEE (124 min; Col., 1949).** John Sturges' remake of his 1952 classic *JEDDAR-DY*, set in outer space. No 2001, obviously. If you're a problem solver, you'll find astronauts trapped in orbit. Plotting is George Pal circa 1955, but convincing performances, big-scale production and some good Sturges suspense make the time pass pleasantly. Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, David Janssen, Gene Hackman, James Franciscus. Lee Grant. 70mm Panavision.

**MASK, THE (83 min; WB, 1961).** Ill-fated Canadian attempt to revive 3-D, billed the title "Depth Dimension" (an improved form). An Indian mask turns its wearers into homicidal maniacs as the camera probes their minds as they hallucinate. Unusual film benefited from use of 3-D, since faint scenes became repetitious and ineffective. However, worthy of a look even in 2-D. Paul Stevens, Clint Eastwood, Ann Collier, John Van Vleet, and Forward by great entrepreneur Jim Moran.

**MASQUERADE (102 min; UA, 1965).** Marvelous tongue-in-cheek adaptation of Victor Canning's "Castle Minerva." Full of beautiful photography, funny lines, some great direction by Basil Dearden. Spies cross and triplexes each other when 13-year-old heir to Arabian kingdom is kidnapped. Imaginative circus sequence quite impressive. Jack Hewitt, Cliff Robins, Marina Sidi, Christopher Witty, Michael Piccoli. Filmed in Spain. Color, CinemaScope.

**MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, THE (80 min; AIP, 1964).** Roger Corman's major Poe adaptation, stylish, imaginatively written, more symbolic than previous films in series, and one of a personal statement. Well done. It is in uneven structure of seriousness and parody, several unusual filmic experiments which really don't come to fruition. We still like *TOMB OF LIGEIA* best of all, but *MASQUE* has enough fine moments to make it a classic in years to come. Nicholas Roeg's Panavision-Color photography will suffer on TV. Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, Patrick McGee, Nigel Green.

**MASTER MINDS (64 min; Mon., 1949).** Typical, now-camp Bowery Boys thriller. Mad or, Alan Napier, in usual dignified form, exclaims, "I tried to put Hinzlitz Hall's 'brains' in a gorilla. Unfortunately, he doesn't succeed with Bojak lookalike Hall, guaranteeing ten more years in the series. Often included in checklist of Lugosi films, but he's not in it. The title must be one of the few dead-end breaks he had around this period. Leo Gorcey, Jane Adams, Glenn Strange (as "Atlas," a kind of Monogram Frankenstein monster).

**MASTER OF HORROR (61 min; UA, 1964).** Two Edgar Allan Poe tales held together by weird framing device of mad reading on a stormy night. Case of Mr. Valder is a little hard but rather dull. 2- Cask of Montillado

is somewhat better due to light approach, but jumbled. Minor Argentine-made venture suffers from poorly-written English-dubbed dialogue, unimpressive adaptation. Structure and short length indicate a 3rd story was removed from UA release. Leopoldo Montez, Inez Moreno, Carlos Estrada.

**MASTER OF TERROR (85 min; UA, 1959).** Original title: *THE 4-D MAN*. Interesting idea, and Robert Lansing good as usual as scientist rapidly aging from 4-D experiments, but supporting cast is poor—even worse is the script and direction. Occasional sci-fi moments due to clever spot fix, but imaginative premise goes rapidly downhill. Lee Meriwether, James Condon, Robert Strauss. Color.

**MASTER OF THE WORLD (104 min; AIP, 1961).** Bigger budget certainly wouldn't have helped this tedious, very weak Verne adaptation. William Witney's flat serial-type direction doesn't bring out needed charm inherent in tale of inventor dedicated to stamping out war in his amazing arsenal. Occasionally interesting, scripted by Richard Matheson. Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Henry Hull. Color.

**MATCHLESS (105 min; UA, 1947).** Italian-made spy spoof. Agent Patrick D'Neal is given invisibility by dying stranger, aids US military. Pleasant foolishness with a few good spots. Donald Sutherland, Iris Furnberg, Henry Silva. Color.

**MAZE, THE (81 min; AA, 1953).** Weird, occasionally near-excellent 3-D sleeper set in old Scottish castle with terrible script. Moody quality is result of expert production design by director Wm. Cameron Menzies. Very atmospheric, even scary, until the end, which proffers what is probably the most incredible, albeit unusual, denouement in horror—or any other genre of film. Don't tell! Richard Carlson, Veronica Hurst, Catherine Emy, Michael A. Hoey.

**MEDUSA VS. THE SON OF HERCULES (93 min; Embassy, 1963).** Ordinary Italian-made mythology thriller: Perseus vs. horrible tentacled creatures who turn to stone are easily most interesting things in this one, but not for long. Richard Harrison, Anna Rall, Michael Rooker. Color, Stereo.

**MEDIUM, THE (87 min; Loper, 1951).** Gian Carlo Menotti's opera about a fake medium frightened he may really possess supernatural powers. For opera fans and a few others due to interesting score and story. Italo Calvino, Marie Powers, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Leo Coleman.

**MEET MR. KRINGLE (58 min; NTA, 1955).** TV remake of *MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET* seen on the old 20th Century-Fox Hour. Hardly an improvement due to telescoping and low-level-budget, though Macdonald Carey and Thomas Mitchell are reliable as always.

**MERMAIDS OF TIBURON, THE (77 min; Warner, 1962).** Economical, modest and practically plotless, but beautiful underwater photography and fragile air of fantasy make this John Lamb film worth a look, especially in color. Diane Webster, George Roeg, Timothy Carey. Color.

**METEOR MONSTER (84 min; Howe, 1957).** There is a level at which awful movie approach high art, and if not for its plodding pace, this combination SF-horror-western-Sopra might make it. A little boy is hit by a meteor, no less, and grows into a hairy, morose, inarticulate and impossibly ludicrous adolescent monster. His embarrassed but loving mother hides him away and lies for him, and the whole mess will tear your heart out. If your filmic sense of humor warped, you may find this entertaining in a mind-boggling way, provided you turn it off before it becomes depressing. Released theatrically during the fabulous 50s as *TEENAGE MONSTER*. Stuart Whitman, Anne Gwynne, Gloria Castillo, Charles Courtney.

**MEXICAN SPIRIT FIRE, A GHOST (68 min; RKO, 1942).** There's the entire plot right in the title. This weak entry in what has not proved to be a particularly durable series will do little to resuscitate any long-dormant Lupu. Best class which may be out there, Leon Ornel, Buddy Rogers.

**MICKEY ONE (83 min; Col., 1985).** Arthur Penn's fascinating *BO-ONNIE & CLYDE* Pkett-like tale about a do-gooder who would be comic on the run, one of the most unjustly un-

derated films of the decade, which will eventually be "discovered" years after its release. Brilliant in many respects, it bears repeated viewings and shouldn't be missed. Probably the best thing Penn's ever done. Fine photography, unforgettable score by Eddie Sauter, fine, indeed great acting by Warren Oates, John Hurt Hatfield, Alexandra Stewart, Jeff Corey.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A (132 min; MGM, 1935).** Gigantic, overproduced MGM "experiment" in wildly uneven but often fascinating cinematization of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Oscar-winning photography and superbly talented cast: James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Victor Jory, Dick Powell, Anita Louise, Mickey Rooney, Joe E. Brown, others. Dir. Max Reinhardt, William Dieterle.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM, A (74 min; SC, 1961).** Czech Jiri Trnka's animated puppets perform Shakespeare's fantasy with voices of England's Old Vic company. Novel and entertaining. Color, CinemaScope.

**MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (84 min; RKO, 1949).** Clever, only slightly tongue-in-cheek intrusion in thriller of another enormous but humane epic. Translated to US for nightclub date. Excellent production values. Oscar-winning Willis O'Brien-Ray Harryhausen spec fix. Ernest B. Schoedsack's final film, ironically with Robert Armstrong, both burlesquing *Frankenstein*, *KONG*, Terry Moore, Ben Johnson.

**MIGHTY URSUS (87 min; UA, 1981).** Extremely poor strongman item made in Italy. Sounds like fantasy, but none at all go out to a movie. Ed Fury, Christina Gajoni. Telescope, color.

**MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN (84 min; Parade, 1961).** Italian-Netherlands made horror-parade. Host of performers, Madam Infatuated with daughter suffering from weird but unknown disease is aided by blackmailed doctor in taking blood out of pretty young girls. When the girls die, they're like stone and placed in Mill exhibition at the Museum. Corny plot idea adroitly overcome by excellent location color photography, good acting, atmosphere and delightful musical score. Scilla Gabel, Pierre Brice, Wolfgang Preiss. Or, Color, Stereo.

**MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (84 min; Par, 1932).** Overrated, actually rather poor comedy set in mythical kingdom which pins hopes for money on its weird Olympic team. More silly than funny, though portions of W.C. Fields' limited screen time are amusing. See *Fields' 50*. A G. C. K. 1932. Released at his peak. Jack Oakie, Lydia Borbitt, George Barbier, Anne Clyde, Dr. Joseph Maniewicz.

**MILLION EYES OF SUMURU, THE (85 min; AIP, 1967).** Poorly made grade-C fantasy adventure from Sax Rohmer, made bearable by odd Kevin Kavanagh dialogue based on subtle references to old sci-fi. Cuts in torture-pore women subjugate men. A must for the dyke-wing of Women's Lib, and a treasure-trove of cineastes. George Nader, Shirley Eaton, Wilfrid Hyde-White. Colorscope.

**MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR, THE (86 min; Col., 1928).** Medium adventure programmer about crazy archaeologist looks like a mini-series of the pin-headed variety. Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker, H.B. Walthall.

**MIND BENDERS, THE (88 min; AIP, 1962).** Brit-made pseudo-drama; scientists working on sensory isolation experiments are involved when a series of controls suddenly goes well, holds interest until last 3rd which fizzles out with "inspirational" but irrelevant childbirth scene. Well acted by Kirk Bogarde, Mery Ure, Wendy Craig, John Clements.

**MINOTAUR, THE (82 min; UA, 1961).** Remember the famous legend of the Minotaur? Well, forget it because this picture has nothing to do with it. This Minotaur has all the ferocity of a hand-puppet. Bob Mathias tries fiercely to upstage the cute monster and invade Italy's *La Dolce Vita*, all of which is done by the camera, stealing scene after scene. Somebody should've stolen the entire movie—and hid it. Suzanne Lorst, Rossana Schiffrino, Alberto Lupu. Telescope, Color.

*The M listing, with possible additions, to be concluded in the next issue.*

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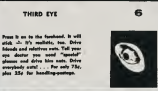
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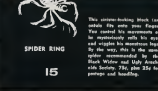
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**13**



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#### OPERATION STAGGER

STAGGER is the tentative title for a new movement planning to open branch offices in most urban areas throughout the country. Part of its modus operandi includes a head-start campaign to help save the cities (beginning with NYC) from being ripped-off. At first blush, the goals may not only sound too visionary and dreamy, but some critics may also say, "It's unworkable; too difficult; impossible!" This may apply to people who are programmed to accept futility "because you can't fight city hall, or some such bunk."

In brief, STAGGER will do the following:

It is affirmed pollution is rampant, small business are dying, city life and crime in the streets and crushing working conditions have turned huge urban areas into painful human stockyards.

Most of the urban nightmare can be alleviated through this simple plan:

Staggering the working hours apart so that blue-and-white collar man-power takes advantage of a complete 24-hour day instead of, roughly, the present 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. "traditional" time-period when 90% of labor is in force. This time-pattern was oppressive even in the Good Old Days; but we all know what it's like now, right? It's now a rush-hour sardine canning not only destructive to spiritual and physical health but critically raising all pollution levels.

Present commuting and transit conditions are monstrous, people wasting their lives and 6 times more than they should due to peak-hour traffic congestion, a major cause of air pollution... the scene isn't unlike a crowded theatre panicking from a fire call and rushing out all at one time. More people get killed that way than from an actual fire.

During "business" hours huge freight trucks and delivery cars attempt loading and unloading at one time. Meanwhile, businesses and recreation come to a standstill after hours—people are afraid of panhandlers, getting mugged on empty streets or too tired getting out after commuting hassles.

Yet this jungle can be turned into an Eden, even though Establishment Gas-Oil syndicates and the Auto Industry will be unhappy. If traffic moved freely, less fuel would be bought and consumed, meaning a tremendous lessening of environmental pollution but healthier, longer-lived people, with cars lasting far longer.

Spreading out a work day to fill up most of the 24 hours isn't unworkable nor unique. It happened during WW II and was then termed "mobilization and late p.m. to a.m. periods called "swing shifts. This can happen again, and with dividends, though it means overcoming public apathy, beating down on sundry politicians, Hizzoner the Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce and business community by advising them they must shape up or ship out.

Boiling it all down, it means NOT serving the short-sighted whims of a retarded corporate and political establishment but the needs of a tortured populace.

STAGGER will require much assistance and volunteers, not cop-out artists. Those directly interested or any similar goal, please write to STAGGER, c/o Gothic Castle, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

...

#### APOLOGIA

Misgaid, we goofed! You may have noticed the small cover blurs aren't part of the contents. First time it's happened and, we hope, the last. The reason: With CoF's

new printing set-up, covers get printed in advance two at a time and laid out far ahead of interior editorial matter. With issue number 16 it was quite easy controlling editorial content but harder with this edition.

Though not forecasting a time-table with 100% certainty, definitely up ahead is The HARRYHAUSEN STORY; extended coverage on the 4th STOKER DRACULA (mini-covered on p. 2 this issue); JOHN CARRADINE INTERVIEWED (next issue); an interview with IRWIN ALLEN; plus: a number of real surprises, libidinous pics and forensic articles.

...

#### COF ON THE MOVE

A life-long dream is at last being realized. After ten years of film society directing and film lectureships, we organized a 7-hour mini-film festival last year consisting of mind-blowing goodies, calling it THE CINEMA ORGY (no, it's not an orgy of filmic sex but a special "orgy" of sights and sounds—sorry for those who may be disappointed). So far it's played about 65 dates on various college campuses (student centers and colleges please take note for possible bookings). The results were so positive that some campuses repeated it 4 or 5 times, and some attendances went up all the way to 3000.

And now—we've gone on to our next phase and are setting up independent film production. Several projects are already mapped out, with filming on the first one to start a little later this year.

What kind of film? The kind CoFans like, of course. With everything running smoothly, you may be seeing full story and photo spreads in CoF No. 19. Wish us luck!

#### BRIEF TAKES

The Comic Book Council returns full blast next issue, including assorted reviews of strong related interest... Also, reviews of the Fan Press, et al. . . . We're weighing the possibility of adding more colors to CoF's interior, with other additions contemplated.

Speaking of possible changes, we'd appreciate letter writing vociferousness, i.e., rap out louder and more like it. This is profoundly embodied in the metaphysical mystique of the great Guru Mah-Hot-Hot:



"Sorry to be late, but I got hung up awhile!"

"Within the grooviness of the hippess rests the total way-outness of the in-ness, far-outing the culmination of the coolness of an existential grok."

... A man with a knack for knowing how to pick 'em has just published his newest horror fiction anthology, HORROR HUNTERS, edited by Vic Gidalia (Macfadden, 75¢). All are great tales, many never anthologized, by Bloch, Blackwood, Lovecraft, Hodgson, Leiber, Howard and others. Collections like this have gone out of print quickly. Grab it!

VITAMIN C & THEE: Ever since Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling proved Vitamin C all day keeps the quacks away, ignorant or depraved doctors have been energetically spreading all sorts of criminal propaganda, or that the value of Vitamin C, and other vitamins, has been grossly exaggerated.

Fact is: Vitamin C and other vitamins do work, and can save your life!!

As for us—we've taken Vitamin C (rose hips) several years and long before Pauling said anything—so far, not one serious cold, though at one time they used hit us like a ton of bricks. Same thing's happened to more than a dozen friends whom we've "indoctrinated" over the last couple of years.

More about all this another time.

...

#### COF CONTRIBUTIONS

We keep getting inquiries if outside contributions are considered or if CoF "purely staff-run. Answer: If the photos, articles or art you send are liked by us, we'll use it!

And remember: Down with the King! Down with Robespierre! Long Live the Republic! *Liberte - Egalite - Fraternite!*

— Calvin T. Beck —



(cont. on page 54)

being held over this coming Labor Day weekend this September in Boston. For all the info, etc., write to: NOREASCON, Box 547, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

A must for all cine-fans and comics buffs is Jim Steranko's HISTORY OF THE COMICS. This spell-binder (loaded with hundreds of pictures) not only goes in-depth into a history of comics, pulp mags, writers, editors, publishers and artists, but brings in valuable background info on how various SF-fantasy films have tied-in. It's \$6 per copy and can be ordered through: Gothic Castle, 509 5th Ave., NYC, NY 10017 (also, see an ad on this in this issue).

The collector's edition of FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS is still available for the cineMacabre connoisseur at only \$1. FORBIDDEN PLANET, HOUSE OF WAX and a conglomerate of creatures are featured. It's printed on first-grade slick paper; from:

Philip B. Moshcovitz, Box 1410, Main P.O., Boston, Mass. Last time this offer will be made until the next issue.

A number of tv and movie scripts, some that were never filmed, are available from the Moshcovitz address above, including: IT LIVED A MILLION YEARS, NIGHT OF THE GHOULS, DEVIL'S PARTNER, BATMAN, BOSTON BLACKIE, CAPTAIN NICE, DRAGNET, GHOST & MRS. MUIR, GREEN HORNET, etc.etc.

Till next issue . . . .

— Phil Moshcovitz —

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But you haven't thought about those Sunday mornings for a long time. We have. Here at Nostalgia Press, we would rather think about Flash instead of Vietnam, acid and the annual summer riots.

So we rounded up Raymond's black-and-white originals—to insure quality reproduction—and we're offering them to you in a handsome hardcover limited edition. We made sure to include the much-discussed

"Ice Kingdom" sequence, so even the most enthusiastic Raymond buffs couldn't get mad at us; and noted strip artist Al Williamson has written a biographical tribute to Alex Raymond's genius. It's Sunday all over again!

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**MANCHU** and Christopher Lee  
 David McCallum: The Man from  
**M.O.N.S.T.E.R.**, William K. Easter  
 recalls The Last Days of Selen  
 Lugosi; Mike Perry interviews  
 Hammer makeup artist Ray Ashton  
 naming **RASPUUTIN** On the Set  
 at Hammer; Lin Carter on the  
 1965 **The Year in Horror-Fantasy**  
 Books; TV Movie guide: C- list  
 ups; Pu Manchu for Meyer poster  
**BATMAN**— from 1943 serial to  
 1966 TV, **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**  
 centerpiece special; two Euro  
 from **BUNGLE STRIPS**; **BATMAN**  
 book cover



ROR FILMS (Part 2); MAR-  
DOONEO reviewed; KARLOFF  
& HIS LEGACY; THE OB-  
LONG BOX, with Vincent  
Price, reviewed; review of  
TASTE THE BLOOD OF  
DRACULA with Chris Lee;  
Mind Blowing Comics;  
LITTLE NEMO—  
SMASH GOROON.  
MEN BEHIND THE COM-  
ICS: Frank Brunner; BE-  
NEATH THE PLANET OF  
THE APES: 2 different  
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No. 16

Part I: ROBERT BLOCH Interview.—WHEN DINOSAURS RULED, Herrhausen's latest. — ODRIAN GRAY: past and present.—THE VAMPIRE LOVERS.—Part 3 & conclusion of HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS.—Rediscovered: Two "lost" classics: 1932's OR, JEKYL & MR. HYDE and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, by Wm.K. Everson. Horror comics: Bernal Wrightson's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—CoF MOVIEGUIDE: more than 65 recent SF/fantasy films.—Plus: Letters, Headitorial, etc., etc., etc., etc.

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